THE BYSTANDER
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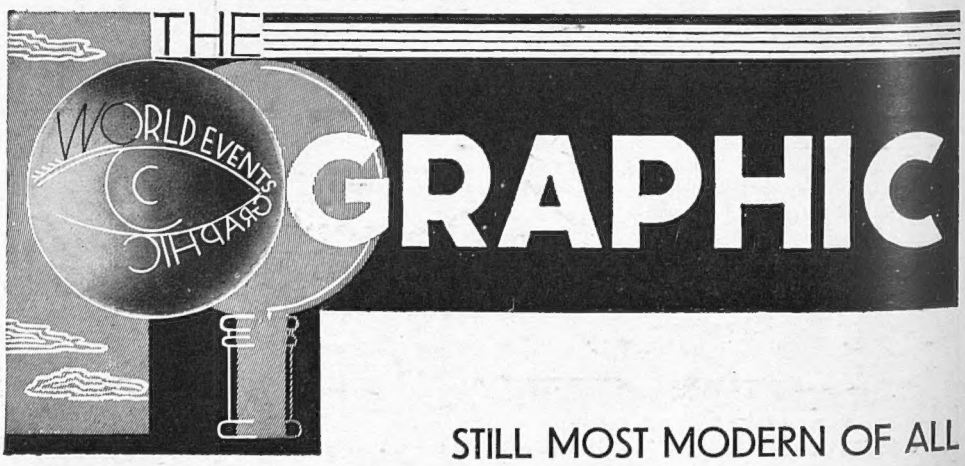


STILL MOST MODERN OF ALL

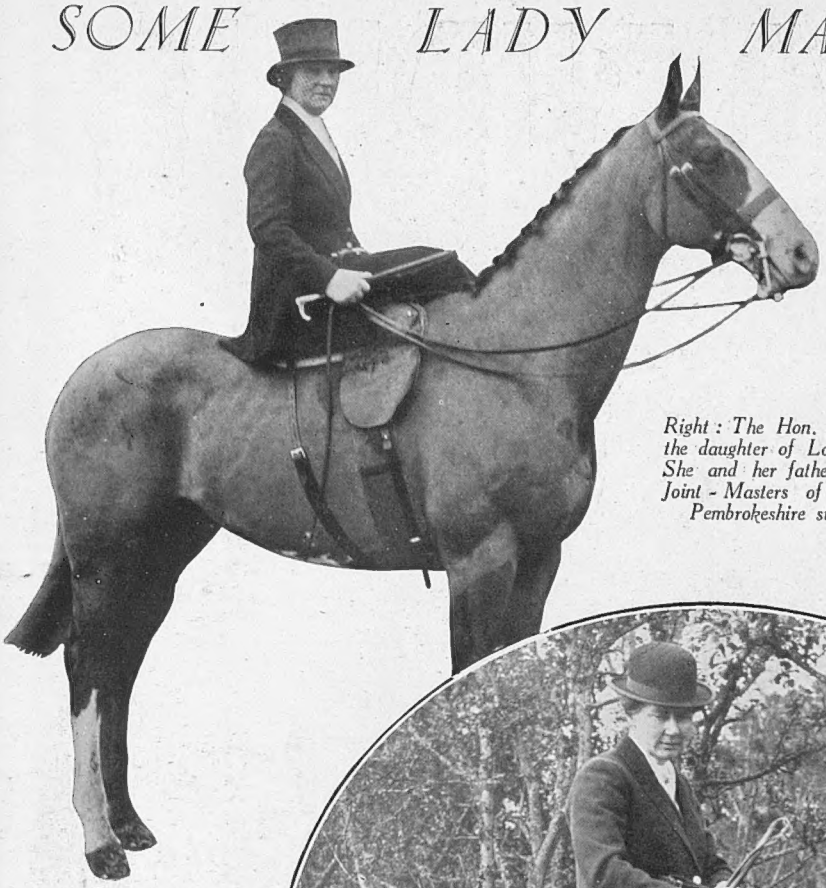
No. 1453. Vol. CXII.

the BYSTANDER

MISS JEAN BATTEN

Who is a keen aviator and the first New Zealand girl to qualify for the Air Ministry's "A" Licence. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Batten, of Auckland, New Zealand

SOME LADY MASTERS OF HOUNDS



Right : The Hon. Anne Lewis, the daughter of Lord Merthyr. She and her father have been Joint - Masters of the South Pembrokeshire since 1929

Above is seen Mrs. A. H Connell, who is the Joint-Master with Capt. J. A. Hornsby of that famous Irish hunt, the Meath. She took over the reins this season

Above : Miss Guest, who has hunted her own pack, numbering twenty - five couple, since 1914. The kennels are at Inwood, Templecombe

Left : Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, the Joint-Master of the North Warwickshire with Mr. Guy Jackson. They entered into Joint - Mastership of this hunt last year

Above : Miss Dorothy Musgrave (mounted), of the West Waterford. This Irish hunt meets twice a week during the season

Colonel the Hon. H.R.L.G. Alexander, D.S.O., M.C., Irish Guards, and Lady Margaret Bingham, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, passing the Guard of Honour of pipers of the Irish Guards after their wedding at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last week. The bridegroom is a brother of the Earl of Caledon

the passing hour

MEMBERS of the Carlton Club are being bombarded intensively with requests from their women friends for the coveted invitation to the club on Election Night. Members are allowed to bring two women, but no men. It is perhaps the most interesting place in London to see and hear the election returns, though all the leading hotels and restaurants are arranging to hold a special gala night for the occasion. Among these is the Savoy, which, thanks to its size, is probably one of the best places to visit in order to get a good view of the election screen when the results start to come through. So is Quaglino's, in Bury Street, where Van Straten's Band will play between results. The Ritz is another excellent place, and all will have special extensions.

The other day I was lunching at the Carlton and found it as crowded as ever. Lady Curzon was sitting in a corner of the restaurant by herself. Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, wearing a little red tricoteuse hat, was in a party of three. Admiral Basil Brooke looked in for a cocktail, and there was no sign that the 8*s.* 6*d.* luncheon would have to be reduced to 6*s.* 6*d.* as at so many other places.

OVER the coffee, I was shown the Distinguished Visitors' book. The first entry, though it was not made on the first page, was Horatio Bottomley's. In contrast are the signatures of the ex-King of Greece, the ex-King of Portugal, King Fuad, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Japan, as well as of Ramsay MacDonald, and Rudolf Valentino, with the menu of the last meal he ate there. Dempsey, Carpentier, Peggy Joyce, and, as I was saying last week, Gandhi, are other intriguing signatures. One thing you notice about these signatures is that most of the great men sign their name in one continuous line without raising the pen from the paper.

Viscount and Viscountess Mountgarret, whose wedding took place last Thursday at East Witton in Yorkshire. Lady Mountgarret was formerly Miss Elizabeth Christie and lived at Jervaulx Abbey

I SCARCELY know how to write adequately of Noel Coward's vast spectacular drama, *Cavalcade*, at the Drury Lane. The best thing I can do is to leave it to my colleague, the dramatic critic, for a following week. I will only say that it presented a veritable cascade of wonderful scenes, interspersed with homely drama which yet caused poignant feelings among the audience. I met a cynic in the first interval who

THE GENIUS OF NOEL COWARD

WITH THE CAMERA AT SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER'S SUFFOLK SHOOT

Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter recently entertained a house-party for a shoot over their beautiful estate, Bawdsey Manor, Woodbridge, where some excellent sport was obtained. On the left are seen Mr. Philip Martineau (left), Miss Zoe Quilter, Miss Inez Quilter, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Capt. Edward Montagu, and Colonel Heyworth, with some of the dogs. Below is seen another member of the party, Mrs. Frank, Harrison, at her stand

confessed to me that the memories Noel Coward had evoked in his broadly painted canvas of the past, from the Boer War onwards, had caused tears to roll down his cheeks.

S

Now and again a mordant flash of humour aroused laughter through the house, suddenly to be hushed by a wrench at our heart-strings, at the futility of it all and the human suffering that had to be undergone by our women, for, oh, what seemed so little, and yet was so interminably great, namely, love of England. And that this marvellous young genius brought out with a flash at the end when duchesses and commoners stood up in the finale and sang the National Anthem, with tears streaming down the faces of beautiful women, while men stood grimly to attention and swallowed hard.

S

To say everybody was there would be silly, but, nevertheless, during the last year I have never seen a more representative assembly of the people who matter than were in the house for the opening performance. I noticed, among others, Lady Cambridge, Lady Cholmondeley, Lady Queensberry, and let me not forget to mention Lady Dudley, who had memories of her own when songs which she sang when the reigning queen of comedy were played, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the beautiful Mrs. Richard Norton, who was accompanied by Mrs. Michael Arlen. The pit and the gallery, tired as they were with almost days of waiting, rose nobly to

(Continued on page 118)

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

No Luck! 'Tis all in the game. We'll keep pegging away and hope for a change of fortune. Rest assured I am tapping the most reliable sources for information.

I propose to leave my Cambridgeshire final over until next week, and looking ahead for long shots I advise a good bet on BRITISH SAILOR for the Manchester November Handicap.

VIRGO must be followed for the remainder of the season. Was a sound late order at Newmarket, and she ran really well.

DIAMANTEE should score over six or seven furlongs. Carried some heavy wagers at Newmarket.

PATRIOT was a "springer" for a nursery at Newmarket. Ran creditably and will win in the near future.

LIMELIGHT is not unfairly treated at Newbury, and as a winner over a full mile should be a good proposition for the October Nursery.

FUZZY WUZZY is one to follow in the North. I shall back him at Newcastle.

Lenare

MISS DIANA MARY HARLEY

The eldest daughter of the late Dr. Vaughan Harley, of 25, Harley Street, and of Mrs. Harley, of Walton Hall, Bletchley. Her engagement has been announced to Major Eric Greville Earle, D.S.O., R.A., of the White House, Winslow

CELEBRITIES AT NEWMARKET SALES

GOING OVER THEIR POINTS

The Earl of Carnarvon in earnest conversation with Colonel Whitburn at the recent Autumn Bloodstock Sales. Lord Carnarvon, who is well known in the racing world, was formerly in the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars

THE MANTON MARVEL

J. Lawson, the famous Manton trainer, discussing matters equine at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. He has broken all records by winning over £80,000 for his patrons this season, and doubtless will have many more winners to his credit

IN THE PADDOCK

Major N. Stapleton Bretherton and the Duchess of Newcastle on their way to inspect the horses at Newmarket. The Cesarewitch, run here last week, was witnessed by the King and Queen

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The Earl of Harewood, one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, concentrating on the field during a race prior to the Sales. His point of vantage on top of a club cab serves him in good stead

WOMEN TO THE FORE IN THE ELECTION

(Continued from page 116).

applaud, among others, their beloved Gertie Millar—Lady Dudley, of course—Lily Elsie, Marie Tempest, and Margaret Bannerman, who kissed her hand to the pit, but Noel Coward was the Prince Charming of the occasion, who rose modestly in his box before the performance after continuous applause from the house, and bowed, and later, in one of the most perfect little speeches ever delivered on a first night, after thanking the audience for the reception they had accorded to his latest play, and the company, especially Mary Clare, for their brilliant performance which had ended on a note of hope for England's future, uttered the memorable words, "After all, it is pretty exciting to be an Englishman."

Women electors now considerably outnumber mere male voters, and they are certainly not content with playing a passive part in the march of political events. The Ladies' Carlton Club in Grosvenor Place has been turned into election "barracks" in support of National candidates, and above are seen a squad of the Canvassers' Corps merrily setting out for battle, whilst on the left are Mrs. Edmund Wood (left), Lady (Arthur) Peel, the Hon. Mrs. Greenway, and Lady Leveson-Gower hard at work in the club

Mrs. Winston Churchill and her daughter, Diana, beside whom election Mr. Winston Churchill was returned with a big majority in a three-cornered fight, and should have

Cavalcade will run for as long as Mr. Cochran desires, and we must congratulate him on his brilliant enterprise in putting on a play which of its kind has never been surpassed, and at the psychological moment will evoke a chord in every true Englishman's heart. If only our pale pink politicians could be forced to go to it!

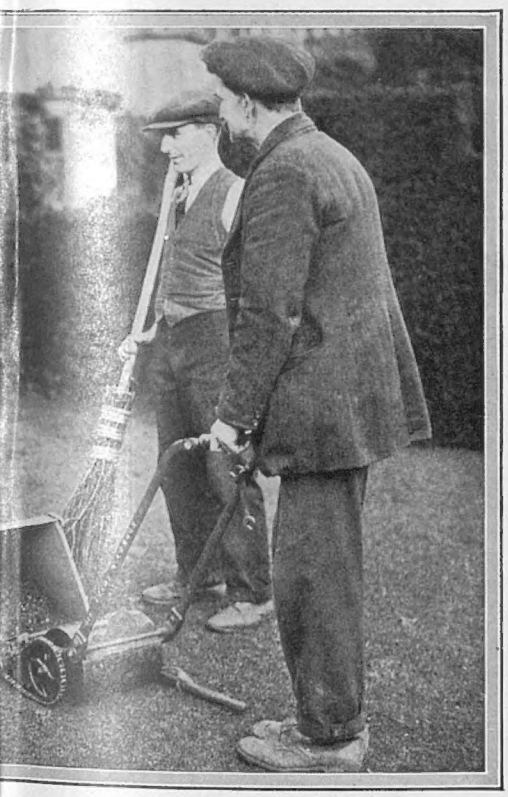
For a brief week-end I fled from the talk of politics to pay a belated visit to North Berwick, Gullane, and Edinburgh. In Scotland the election seemed very far away. Lady Oxford and Asquith and Princess Bibesco were playing golf at North Berwick, the former having quite recovered from a smart blow on the head which she received from Lady Bonham-Carter. Also at North Berwick were Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe and their small son Patrick. Mrs. Drury-Lowe is not playing golf yet, but her husband and I took part in a mixed foursome with Miss Deuchar and Miss Jamieson. Another pretty girl still at North Berwick is Miss Rumbold. It was glorious weather, and there was quite a delay on the first tee, although it was at the tail-end of the season.

I also visited Gullane No. 1 Course, which was playing magnificently. Many improvements are being planned on the No. 2 Course; meantime my partner and I had the links to ourselves. Gullane is also known for having perhaps the most famous caddie in Great Britain. His name is Macintyre, and he owes his reputation to the fact that Bobbie Jones took him everywhere on his triumphant tour over here last year.

In Edinburgh the gayest place is undoubtedly the Pompadour, with its pale gold decorations and silver ceiling. I could have wished, however, that the orchestra might have played a little more frequently. The other three places to which I was taken were the Peacock Inn, the Café Royal, and the night club in Princes Street. I did not know before that Edinburgh sported one.

BUSY DAYS IN THE CONSTITUENCIES

MY final two hours at Edinburgh, before catching the night express, were spent in a most agreeable visit to the dog races at Powder Hall. Every one of the favourites won, and I saw my first Scottish £20 banknote. By the way, General Critchley, the managing director of the Greyhound Racing Association, probably is not going to stand, after all, at the General Election. There was some question of his fighting South Shields, but the Liberal candidate says that he will support the National Government, and that is that. I say "probably," because he is there in reserve, a grim yet cheerful Empire Crusader, waiting to rush into the breach, dear friends, if any blacklegs withdraw and let down the Empire. So before these lines are in print he may rush in somewhere with explosive results.



canvassing gardeners in the Epping Division. In the last majority of very nearly 5,000 over his Liberal opponent no difficulty in retaining his seat this time

Lord Weymouth, the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, who is fighting Frome in the Conservative cause, photographed with Lady Weymouth after his adoption. A vigorous supporter of a tariff, his views will probably win this division, which is in the heart of agricultural Somerset, from Labour

S

THERE was great excitement in Gloucester Place last Wednesday, for Lord Lucan, the father of Lady Margaret Bingham, who married Colonel the Hon. Harold Alexander, lives at No. 10. The wedding had taken place at the Royal Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks, and there was a line or cars outside the house extending almost the whole length of Gloucester Place. One of the small bridesmaids, Miss Jennifer Bevan, will be a bridesmaid again in a day or two at Lady May Cambridge's wedding. The honeymoon is being spent in Ashdown Forest. At the present moment the Continent is taboo, but after the General Election we shall probably recover our sang-froid in regard to these matters.

S

YESTERDAY (Tuesday) Captain Babe Barnato was due to return

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale, whose honeymoon has been cut short owing to the General Election. Mr. McCorquodale is the Conservative candidate for the Sowerby division of Yorkshire, where, in the last General Election, the Labour candidate was returned with a majority of about 2,000 over the Conservative in a three-cornered contest

CUBBING IN FULL SWING

CUBBING IN YORKSHIRE

Lord Irwin, the former Viceroy of India, at the cubbing meet of the Middleton at Grimthorpe last week. The country is still very blind, and hunting folk are praying for a few hard frosts to bring down the leaves before November and hunting proper arrive

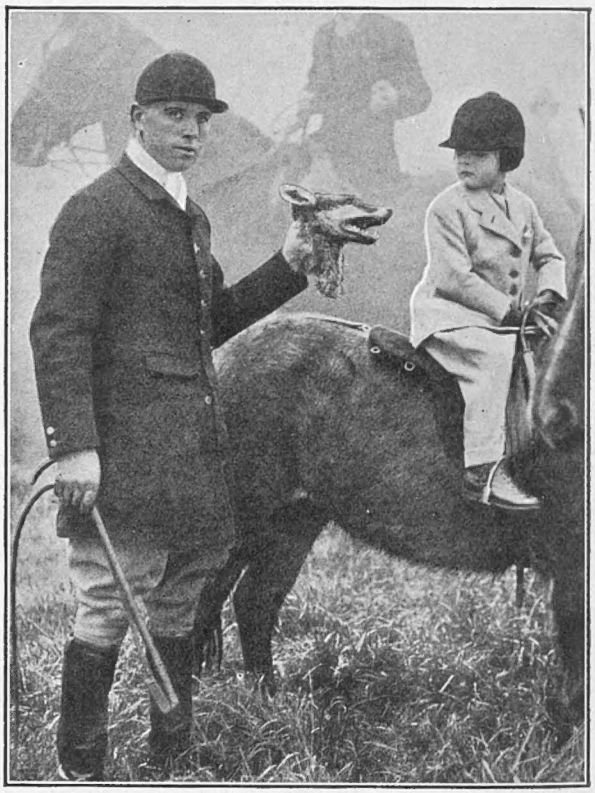
to England from America. Until he comes back nothing official is known of the future of Bentley Motor Cars—a matter that must automatically be causing some mild anxiety among the many "well-knowns" who own this smart type of motor car. They are too good and popular to suffer eclipse. In contrast, I hear that the Rolls-Royce people have contracts to make aeroplane engines that will keep them fully occupied for the next three years.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Sunny Skimming, of Taplow, the inventor of "Scavenging" parties, the successor to "Treasure-hunting." "Scavenging" has become all the rage, and the modern Autolycus now has his ability to pick up unconsidered trifles sorely tested

TO-DAY (October 21) the Motor Ball and Carnival takes place at Grosvenor House, with the Embassy Band, directed by Mr. Jack Harris, a midnight cabaret, and prizes to the value of over a hundred pounds for fancy dresses, lucky programmes, etc. Cicely Courtneidge is one of the judges, and she ought to know a fancy dress when she sees one!; also Edna Best, Jack Hulbert, Danilova, Elizabeth Allen and "Bunny" Austin, who, if he proves as good a judge of fancy dress as he is of fancy tennis strokes, will shine indeed. Tickets are 30*s.* and 55*s.* for a double, including supper. Mr. A. H. Danson, 42, Bedford Row, W.C. (Holborn 5710), is the Organiser. It is likely to be a jolly evening, and I shall be there if only to refute the marvellous enterprise of my understudy, who last week described the ball as "very jolly" before it took place! No doubt he will prove a true prophet all the same.

MY Hunting Correspondent writes: All kinds of conflicting reports regarding Earl Beatty's recent accident found a way into the London and provincial newspapers. What really happened was as follows: The Admiral was exercising one of his hunters over jumps, when the horse fell on the landing side of a fence and kicked



MASKS AND FACES

Little Joan Scrawbrick, the youngest follower of the Crawley and Horsham, looks slightly askance at her first mask, when the Huntsman, C. Denton, presents it to her after the kill. One of the most popular of South country hunts, the Crawley and Horsham has Lt.-Col. R. W. McKergow and the Hon. G. Cubitt as Joint-Masters

EARL BEATTY IN THE WARS

The little train-bearer, Master Stewart Seaton-Reid, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Byrom, Shenkland, Cock, Lee Campbell and Rowe, after the wedding of Squadron-Leader Geoffrey H. Cock, M.C., R.A.F., and Miss Pamela Hoare-Ward (who are seen inset on the right), at Brompton Oratory. The bridesmaids' dresses were of peach chiffon velvet with coatees and muffs trimmed with sable fur

its rider while on the ground, fracturing his jaw. We are delighted to hear, however, that the gallant sailor-foxhunter is, as is characteristic of him in all things, going ahead at full speed. Bandages or no bandages, it won't be Lord Beatty's fault if he is absent from the opening meet of the Fernie next month.

S

OWING to an unfortunate oversight the name of the late Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes appears on THE BYSTANDER List of Foxhounds for 1931-32, which was included in our Special Hunting Number of October 7, as Master of the East Kent. As a matter of fact, Mr. Selby-Lowndes died shortly before the finish of the season of 1929-30, and he was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Arthur ffrench Blake, who has reigned over the East Kent country since May, 1931. Colonel Blake hunts hounds himself, and continues to afford equally good sport to his fields as he did when Joint-Master of the Grove with Sir Albert Bingham a few seasons ago.

OWING to the fact that we received no notification of the disbandment of the Gelligaer and Talybont Hounds (formerly known as the Hon. Eileen Berry's), this Welsh pack was not deleted from our list. We have learned subsequently that these hounds were disbanded two years ago. It was a privately owned pack, and Miss Berry presented it to her followers on her retirement from Mastership. The country being long and narrow, the pack was split into two parts, and one hunts the Talybont side and is called the Talybont and District, while the other hunts the southern portion of the country.

Yevonde

MISS PATRICIA SMILEY

The only sister of Sir Hugh Smiley, of Great Oaks, Goring Heath. Her marriage to Mr. Rupert Tollemache will take place to-morrow, Thursday, at St. Mary's Church, Whitchurch

Lenare

LADY FERMOY

Who before her recent marriage to Lord Fermoy was Miss Ruth Gill. Her husband is the Conservative candidate for the King's Lynn division of Norfolk, which he has represented since 1924

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-o w e-two-three . . . hello, hello, Baa . . . my dear, I've just made the most excellent speech. . . . I'm very pleased with myself . . . and, darling, my election clothes are very chic . . . we are asked not to be dowdy . . . but also not too smart . . . mine are chestnut brown with an orange blouse and a three-cornered hat to match . . . votes have only to be smiled for. . . . Thank goodness, Hollywood has not spoilt our Elissa Landi; she is just the same . . . just as much fun . . . just as eager for a friendly argument . . . and they haven't altered her beauty either . . . one never knows with film people. . . . I should hate to have a quite unfamiliar face, however expensive a model . . .

* * *

ENERGETIC Emerald Cunard is in London; she is so alive . . . some people are scared of her, but she is really very kind at heart. . . . Emerald, not liking her name, changed it some years ago! . . . Most people are content to insist on a nickname if they don't care for their parent's choice. . . . Lady Plymouth is always known as Bibs, but her real name is Irene, and no one calls Lady Scarsdale anything but Billie . . . although she is really a Mildred. . . . Oswald Mosley is often called Tom by his intimates. . . . In spite of the election I had to see the Cesarewitch, Baa dear, and, of course, lose my last penny . . . short fur coats were everywhere . . . Jean Buchanan-Jardine wore one in black sealskin . . . and Vera Broughton a brown pumpkin one . . . they were quite the prettiest women there, and I was not the only person to think so, I assure you. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard about a lonely lady who had discovered a "quite perfect flat," darling, . . . only to find that the lease for sale was already in her husband's name? . . . the flat is still empty! . . . Everyone is so busy talking of National politics, of which most of them know nothing, that it was quite relief to meet Barbara McCorquodale full of herself and her new book . . . "Sweet Punishment" . . . Some people are apparently going to recognise themselves in it . . . and some . . . not you and I, Baa . . . but dear Auntie Jessie and Aunt Belinda . . . are going to be shocked. . . . My dear, Charlie Chaplin *does* want a haircut . . . he is back with us again, and although I have not seen the much-talked-of Mary, I have heard a lot about a new blonde sweetie . . . really Charlie does keep us speculating, or is this new rumour sheer bluff? . . .

* * *

I SAW the Michael Arlens the first night of *Cavalcade* . . . have you heard Michael's definition of a lady? . . . "Someone you can talk to afterwards" . . . very Arlenish, I think . . . Sonia Cubitt looked striking; she is so sweet and so nice . . . but not really as witty as her Stephen MacKenna reputation would have us expect. . . . The Castlereagh-Combe wedding is definitely fixed for the 29th. . . . Hampden House . . . the Sutherlands' house . . . is already a mass of presents . . . the Duchess is in London looking very well . . . but I am surprised that she still prefers a very short shingle. . . . Eileen Sutherland is a clever needlewoman and loves tapestry work . . . she does not entertain a great deal . . . but often has a few friends in for bridge. . . . Watching the golfing stars . . . I thought that Mrs. Roger Wethered and Mrs. Rex Hartley look rather alike. . . . Betty Wethered was a Cavendish-Bentinck . . . she has no children . . . but is devoted to her dogs . . . of which she has dozens. . . . Muriel Hartley has a small daughter called Jane. . . . Rex Hartley is a beautiful dancer and was one of the first people . . . years ago . . . to dance a Charleston with abandon . . .

* * *

I SEE black and more black . . . the famous Madame Dubonnet was wearing it at the Ritz, and as the best-dressed woman in Europe . . . she ought to know. . . . I met Madame de Peña hurrying down Charles Street . . . in a hat with a most Spanish air . . . and two little black and white birds' heads for ornament. . . . She was at Heathenden Hall Club the other Sunday . . . the beautiful erstwhile home of Col. Grant Morden, which is now a delightful and exclusive country club, near Stoke Poges. . . . I hear that Winnie Portarlington's new house is a dream of beauty . . . and full of treasures. . . . I often see her at sales bidding for things I long to possess . . . she has very good taste and a "flair" for bargains. . . . Lionel tells me that the new house has every possible convenience . . . and all the very latest labour-saving devices.

* * *

LADY WIMBORNE has come home from Paris, and in spite of the tiresome franc . . . has brought with her some divine clothes. . . . She looks like a Frenchwoman with her sleek short hair and soignée appearance. I think she prefers France, too . . . and as she is not very strong the climate suits her. How I do talk! . . . and with so much to do. . . . I am off to the North to speak! . . . So adieu for the moment. . . .

Yevonde

Lady Brougham and Vaux, who before her marriage in April last was Miss Valerie French. In her velvet Robin Hood hat she is wearing the badge of her husband's regiment, the Scots Guards

MORE PERSONALITIES IN THE CAMPAIGN

The aeroplane is playing its part in the election campaign, twelve machines having been lent to the Premier by private owners. On the left Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Prime Minister's son, is seen bidding good-bye to Miss Delia Crossley before setting off from Heston Air Park for Bassetlaw, his Nottingham constituency, in one of the machines which are kept ready night and day

Mr. Edgar Wallace, the Lloyd George Free Trade Liberal candidate for Blackpool, placidly purchasing a novel by the well-known author, Mr. Edgar Wallace—who "cannot fail to thrill you"—before leaving London for the north. Blackpool is a strong Conservative seat, and with his "wee free" views he does not appear to have any chance whatsoever of heading the poll

Left: Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, R.N., V.C., of "Q" boat fame, who has a splendid chance of "torpedoing" Mr. Arthur Henderson, the leader of the anti-National Socialists—seen in the photograph above the Admiral looking anything but cheerfully optimistic—who he is fighting at Burnley, where "Uncle Arthur" had a majority of only 7,854 over the Conservative candidate in the last General Election, which was a three-cornered contest, for the Liberals are now supporting the Admiral. Mrs. Campbell, who is assisting her husband in the campaign, is also seen above

AT THE PLAY

GAIETY AND GRIMNESS IN TWO NEW

"TELL ME T

Conway Paton (Arthur Riscoe) the private sleuth, and to break the news gently to Richard Miller (Alfred Dra that gentleman, who has been go

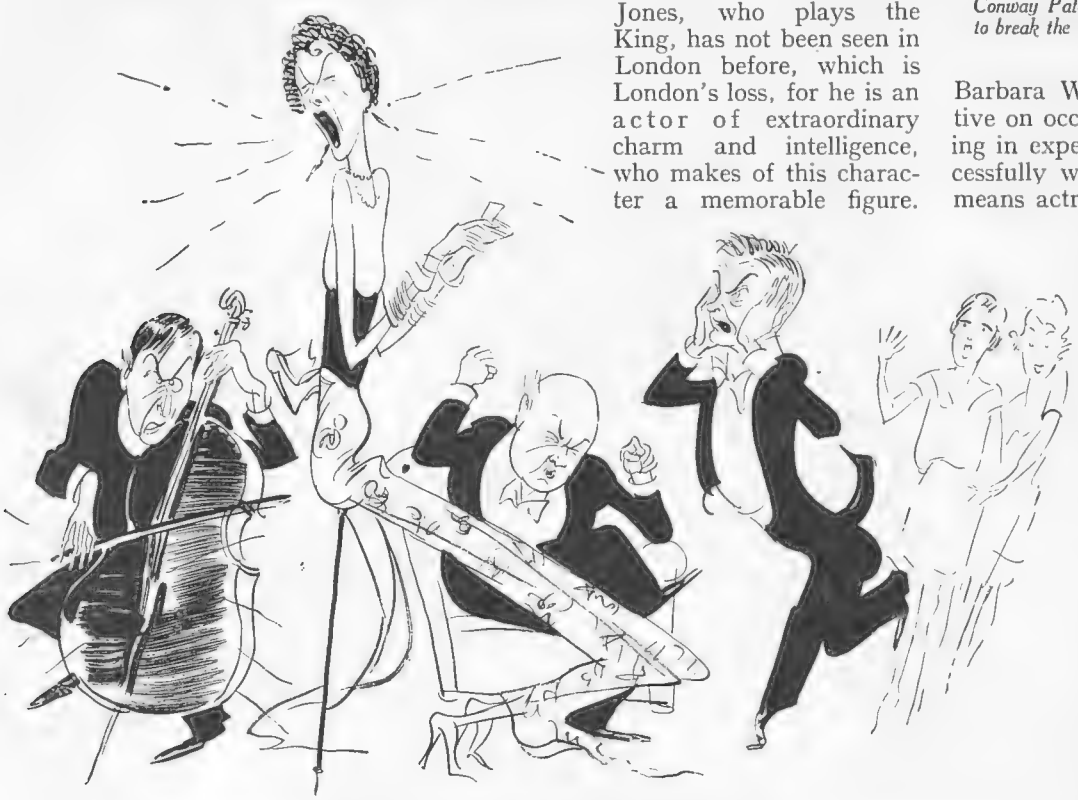
"The Queen's Husband," at the Ambassadors

MAURICE COLBOURNE and Barry Jones are two plucky young actors. Undeterred by the fact that one of the very best plays written by an American was a complete failure over here—I refer to *The Road to Rome* by Robert Sherwood—they make themselves responsible for producing a play, *The Queen's Husband,* by the same author, at the Ambassadors Theatre.

IT was always a mystery to me why *The Road to Rome* failed, for it was original, witty, and well acted. *The Queen's Husband* is also witty and well acted, though not so original, for kingship and its consequences has been dealt with before by Bernard Shaw and other dramatists. But where Mr. Sherwood has been wise as well as witty is in the drawing of the principal character, King Eric VIII. It is he who will navigate this ship of State into the waters of popularity, because what the public always enjoy is in seeing a man—king or carpenter—who, with a reputation for being a fool, proves himself a wise man.

IN his dealings with political parties it seems as if he is under the thumb of the Queen. Still more does he appear as merely the Queen's husband when his only child is made the victim of a marriage of convenience engineered by his spouse and advisers, but in the end it is he, by his innate decency and desire to do the right thing, who brings a revolution to naught, saves his daughter from an alliance with a poisonous prince, and brings happiness to his countrymen and women—with the exception of the Queen and the politicians, whom playgoers will delight to see outmanœuvred.

SUCH a popular plot will more than counterbalance the danger of unpopular satire, and the success of *The Queen's Husband* will be further assured by the acting. I think Barry Jones, who plays the King, has not been seen in London before, which is London's loss, for he is an actor of extraordinary charm and intelligence, who makes of this character a memorable figure. His quiet method is extraordinarily effective, and I never wish to see a part better played. Equally good on a smaller scale is his managerial partner, Maurice Colbourne, as the dissolute Prince.



A MORE OR LESS MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Mrs. Miller (Viola Tree) provides a voice trial for her husband (Alfred Drayton) and Bob Seymour, who suffer agonies during her voyage of exploration on the high C's. The Rev. Archibald James (Wylie Watson) is seen aiding and abetting her

THIS clever pair are well supported by such old hands as Reginald Bach, the military premier; Paul Gill, leader of the opposition; and Grace Lane, as a forbidding but Royal Queen—all good character studies. The part of the Princess is played by Barbara Wilcox, who, though effective on occasions, is just a little lacking in experience always to cope successfully with a part which is by no means actress-proof. If this comedy is a success, as I anticipate it will be, I wonder if this new young management would dare to give *The Road to Rome* another chance?

"For the Love of Mike," at the Saville Theatre

MR. H. F. MALTBY, in the play with music called *For the Love of Mike,* chosen to open the new and beautiful Saville Theatre, has done his job well. That job was to provide Bobby Howes with a good part, but while doing this he has not neglected other members of the cast, and Viola Tree, Alfred Drayton, and Arthur Riscoe have no cause to rise up in their wrath and hurl curses at the author's head.

MORE reliance is placed on the play than the music, for there are only seven numbers, while a chorus is dispensed with, unless we except the orchestra, which, on occasion, breaks into song and supports the principals vocally as well as instrumentally. Should a further volume of sound be required, I don't see why the stage hands should not be roped in,

THEATRES By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE," AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

OLD, OLD STORY"
friend, Bob Seymour (Bobby Howes), find that their efforts that the burglary was a fake merely acts as a soporific on n the vintage when 'twas crimson

while programme sellers could also do their little bit. This would add to the novelty!

BOBBY HOWES plays the part of a secretary to a nouveau riche who is caught burgling a safe, from the most honourable of motives, by a private detective engaged by the owner of the house to discover the author of petty thefts, and it is round this motif that most of the farcical fun, which is well developed, arises. This comedian's acute sense of humour has never had a better chance of revealing itself, and while he and Arthur Riscoe, who is the detective, are on the stage the fun is fast and furious all the time.

ALFRED DRAYTON and Viola Tree play a vulgarian host and hostess almost in the key of comedy, and another clever piece of acting is given by Syd Walker as a bemused policeman of farcical brand. Peggy Cartwright makes a pleasant heroine, quite unlike the usual run of musical comedy leading ladies, and Olga Lindo does all that is possible with the part of a widow who acts as a dea ex machinâ.

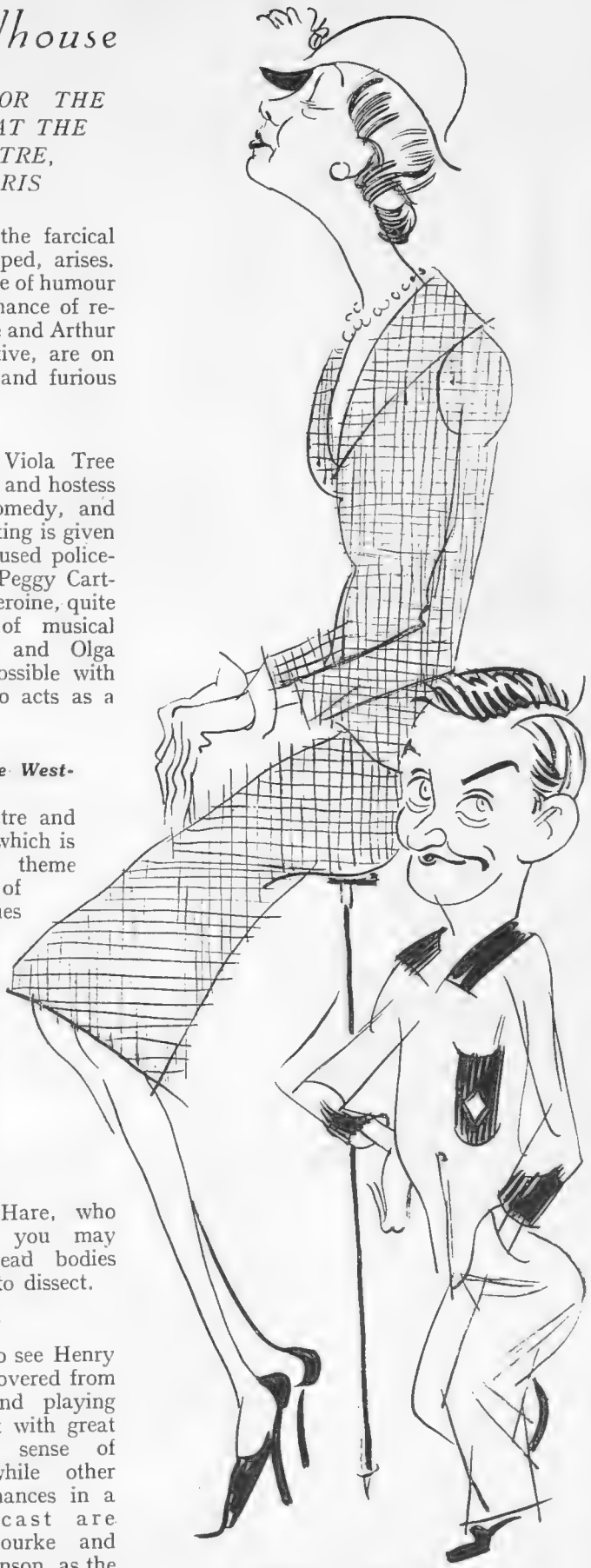
"The Anatomist," at the Westminster

YET another new theatre and another good play, which is not so gloomy as the theme suggests, for the author of *The Anatomist*, Mr. James Birdie, has managed to get a good deal of grim and pawky humour into a drama written round the murderous activities of Messrs. Burke and Hare, who provided, if you may remember, dead bodies for surgeons to dissect.

IT is a joy to see Henry Ainley recovered from his illness and playing the anatomist with great power and sense of character, while other good performances in a well-chosen cast are J. A. O'Rourke and Harry Hutchinson, as the murderers, and Flora Robson, who plays the part of a kind-hearted street-walker beautifully.

V. W.

WIDOWS ARE WONDERFUL!
The susceptible Richard Miller proposes a little dinner à deux in Town with Stella Rees (Olga Lindo) an attractive widow. The latter, however, provides the "bird" by declining a bottle and a bird



A SOCIETY STICK-LER
Mrs. Miller, believing that really "county" people are never parted from a shooting-stick, refuses to be separated from hers, even in her drawing-room. Bobby Howes is also seen above in the suit of gent's natty slumberwear which he wears in one scene, and the bright smile he wears throughout the play

HERRINGS GOING FOR NOTHING

Great catches of herrings are reported everywhere along the East Coast, but so low are the prices offered by the wholesalers that they are hardly worth catching. At Lowestoft fourpence per hundred is the latest price, and at Yarmouth, where this picture shows crans waiting for the catch, they fetched only 1/- per cran of about 700 fish. The foreign buyer is absent, and last year a cran fetched 30/- to 40/-

PACTS AND PARTIES

By "KIM"

I AM a Conservative in the sort of way like a great many others—perhaps a million or so—are Conservatives. We are not slavish followers of the Party Machine, by any means. In fact, we are most of us more or less in revolt against its rusty machinery. Nor are we disposed to follow blindly anybody as our leader unless his leadership is what we think it ought to be. And what ought it to be? Let us nail our colours to the mast. . . .

WE demand a strong policy of tariffs for the protection of home industry and agriculture. That is the first necessity of all, because, until Britain is prosperous, she is at the mercy of tub-thumpers, seditionists, faddists, quacks, and foreign dumpers. With this, and really inseparable from it, we want to see a Government that will not only rule at home with firmness, but hold the Overseas Dominions together by just but determined methods. I don't say we want to see her beating the Big Drum, because we desire peace and prosperity, but we do want India, Egypt, South Africa, and other dependencies to realise that Britons are the ruling race, and that it is an honour to be an integral part of the British Empire. We want Russia to understand that, whilst she pursues her anti-Christian, slave-driving policy, and is always intriguing against us, with the hope of capturing India and all its wealth for herself, we shall treat her with the hostility she deserves. . . . In a word, we want to see Britain once more mistress of the world, her statesmen not afraid to lead, staunch to their friends and remorseless to their enemies.

I SAY there are millions who really want this, and have hoped this General Election might pave the way for the great come-back of the British Empire. In these millions are included great numbers of working men and—forget it not—the women voters, for women have no use for compromise on principles, the jiggery-pokery of the Party politicians, or the namby-pamby methods of the men who call themselves leaders.

WE look round at the moment with our enthusiasm for a great cause . . . shall I say? . . . daunted. Are we very enamoured of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, despite all the gush and sickly sentiment of certain newspapers which call themselves "National"? So far, he has given the nation no big lead. Not a word about the Empire and how it is to be governed. And over tariffs he wavers. After all, why should we be expected to regard Mr. MacDonald as something sacrosanct because he muddled his last Government, and is extraordinarily lucky to be where he is to-day? Then there is Mr. Baldwin. So far, no great and big ideal of the Empire's future has emerged from his lips. If he had travelled over our Empire it might be different, but he always seems to be a man of little imagination. When his audience at Birmingham looked to him recently for bread he gave them a stone, by deploring the attitude of the Conservatives of Darwen, who refuse to accept "Slippery Sam," otherwise Sir Herbert Samuel. Only Mr. Churchill and, above all, Lord Beaverbrook have nailed their colours to the mast like us and are unequivocal.

IF I were an elector of Darwen I should be angry beyond measure if Mr. Baldwin or his machine left me to vote for Slippery Sam or else not vote at all because of some "Pact." Sir Herbert is more responsible than any other politician, except the Socialists, for our present humiliation. He is a Free Trader, and his Imperial outlook has never been sound. Mr. Baldwin is insulting Conservatives to ask them to support Samuel at Darwen. If many such seats are surrendered to men whose political reputations are rotten, it may jeopardise the future of the National Party; and if anyone says a National Party must contain all sorts and conditions, I shall retort that it is rather an International Party. The only saving hope in all this is Lord Beaverbrook. The indomitable Max is putting forward his own candidates when the local Conservative Association wobbles, and that is frightening Lord Stonehaven, as well it may. . . . We shall win, but we must watch the National Leaders, who are more Party than National.

Sir Herbert Samuel, despite strong pressure, is having to fight the Conservative, Capt. Alan Graham. His majority last time was only 462

Capt. Alan Graham, who is fighting Darwen as an Empire Protectionist, and relies on the change over in Lancashire to sail home the winner

BY AUBREY HAMMOND

PUNISHMENTS FOR POLITICIANS

The kill-joys to suffer prohibition of their own particular fads

if GOSSIP *we* MUST

Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Conservative leader's Socialist son, at a rehearsal of his play, "The Four Winds," produced at the beginning of the month at the Embassy Theatre. The plot of the play, the author has told us, was inspired by a dream, but he did not say if the same medium inspired his advanced Socialistic views

A tail, fishy but true. Count John McCormack, the famous singer, gets assistance from the camera before telling his friends about the 169lb. swordfish he caught off Redondo Beach, California. The electorate are being overwhelmed with fishy tales of a different nature just now, although it is not swordfish but "cod" that is to the fore

THINGS move swiftly in politics nowadays. Little more than a week ago a certain amount of praise was being lavished on Liberals for having made many concessions and for having abandoned some perfectly honest convictions in order to help along the National Government. Such bouquets were, in only too many instances, premature. I threw one, I admit.

The election addresses of numerous Liberals now breathe Free Trade. The Liberal Press is full of it, and is alternately rude to or sarcastic about Conservatives, while it preserves an attitude of timorous tact towards Labour, after the fashion of Mr. Ramsay Muir, who has declared that he has "far more sympathy, personally, with the general aims of the Labour Party than with the Tories."

DISASTROUS as would be a wholesale revolt in the constituencies against anti-Labour pacts, the time has surely come for those who believe no less sincerely that only by Imperial economic unity, and by a judicious system of tariffs, can the National Government achieve its task of saving the Empire from certain ruin, to pause for a bit and see how matters stand.

If one believes in a cause (as this journal has consistently and vigorously done), there is only one course—to go the whole hog out for it.

I put aside for a moment the possibility of a Socialist victory; I do not think it will occur, though the Stock Exchange forecast of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's majority is on the optimistic side. But in the event of a National Government being returned with a large admixture of Cobdenites, Little Englanders, Hands-off-India folk, and so forth, where precisely would we find ourselves?

WE would be better off than if Labour were to be in power, which would be the end of everything. But there would be an uncomfortable

BY WILL FARROW

THE GIRL: "Yes, I shall certainly vote for Jones, he's so nice looking and tall."

THE CYNIC: "I see, you are one of those who don't believe in short Commons!"

The Conservative Central Office officials are to be congratulated upon the celerity with which they rushed out their new election posters, and beat their opponents in the race to the hoardings. Typical examples of the new pictorial propaganda are seen being given an airing near the place of their birth

deadlock. Little, if anything, would be done. Tariffs, which are sadly needed now, might be indefinitely postponed. And things would go from bad to worse, with the Socialists screaming louder than ever, this time with a show of reason, that Capitalism is the cause, and that their own pernicious doctrines are the only remedy. What is more, they would, at the next test, sweep the country.

ELECTIONITIS

If we wish to prevent tempers from growing too hot and feeling from running dangerously high during election time we must, according to a Harley Street specialist, deliberately concentrate on other subjects for at least an hour a day. Well, here goes.

COME, let us quell election rage
With gentle thoughts about the Stage:
"Salome," now at the Savoy,
Some people doubtless may annoy,
But will it start another craze
For Wilde's slick, scintillating plays?—
Yes, I'll get wild without a doubt
If Labour is not put to rout!

The Gaiety, the papers say,
Will soon put on a sparkling play
In which one of the stars will be
That actor we all like to see,
Who always cheers us without fail—
I mean, of course, young Sonnie Hale—
And hail to Ramsay, may he be
In with a huge majority!

I see the Coliseum still
Continues every day to fill
Its seats from gallery to floor
With folk who "White Horse Inn" adore,
For audiences all rejoice
In Lea Seidl's lovely voice—
On with the fight! Let strife begin,
And how I hope *our* side'll win!

B. W.

An interesting photograph of the Conservative leader, with whom is Mrs. Baldwin, en route for Birmingham, where he opened the electoral campaign. The modern electorate shows tendencies to a definite objection to any hampering restrictions in regard to a full-blown tariff. Hence Sir Herbert Samuel and other Liberals are being opposed in spite of Mr. Baldwin's efforts to save them

THAT is why I welcome such independence in the constituencies as that which, for instance, prompted Darwen to oppose the Free Trade Sir Herbert Samuel.

The Darwen Conservatives believe in Protection, have been fighting for it for years. Why should they stand aside and see themselves represented by a man with whose political ideas they profoundly disagree? And if I were to be told that to expect Free Trade Liberals to step down and to regard Protectionist Conservatives as fine fellows for not showing similar docility is utterly inconsistent, my reply would be that Free Trade cannot save us, and Protection can.

We are trying to get on with a big national programme to rescue the country from the most dangerous position it has ever known. No good will come of amiable shilly-shallying.

MR. BALDWIN, doing, as he so frequently does, the wrong thing with the best of motives, asks the Darwen Conservatives "to play the game." Sportsmanship is all very well, but this is a battle. We are not in a game, either literally or figuratively.

A strong Empire, better conditions all round—these will not come by a show of genial weakness. A show of policy is more important than a show of politeness. More than ever are such gestures foolish when there is a case of letting Liberals have seats which Conservatives could easily win. Young Edward Hulton, by the way, is not faced by an easy win at Harwich against the Liberal, Mr. Pybus. That is why his courage is to be applauded, and that is why I wish him the best of luck. There are many others in his position.

Yvonne Gregory

BARBARA DIU

The vivacious little person whose dancing and playing contributes materially to the success of "Viktoria and Her Hussar" at the Palace

Queen Elizabeth (Phyllis Neilson-Terry), now an old woman, is seen on the left thinking of her past conquests and loves and dreaming of the marriage she might have made with Philip of Spain in the last act of "Elizabeth of England" at the Cambridge Theatre. The Spanish King (Matheson Lang) is shown in a second scene, played at the same time, on his death bed tended by Espinosa (Oliver Raphael) and Isabella (Margaretta Scott), and enduring a like suspense

BY MOLLY BISHOP

"Waiter, this egg isn't fresh!"
"Sorry, Sir, but I only laid the table!"

ONE frequently hears that for Conservatives to claim a monopoly of patriotism is absurd. Perhaps it is. And perhaps not.

I do not suggest that plenty of people belonging to other parties would not die for their country, and have not done so in their hundreds of thousands in the past. But the politicians of those other parties seem unable to take a long view about their country.

And if the Conservative claim to a monopoly of patriotism is irritating, how much more irritating is the Socialist claim to a monopoly of political idealism and social service! There is something inexpressibly smug about the way Socialists suggest that they, and they alone, care for the poor, the sick, the uneducated, and that no one but themselves has ever given a thought to the bottom dog. Actually, no party has exploited the bottom dog so unscrupulously as a pawn in the political game.

MARK HAMBOURG is still in the Antipodes, but a pleasant reminder of his existence comes in the form of the publication of his reminiscences, "From Piano to Forte" (Cassell). The title is the least attractive part of this fascinating book, for it gives the impression that the great pianist has exclusively written about piano-playing. That is not the case. Plenty will be found to interest musicians profoundly; but the book has a wide general appeal. Mark has been travelling all over the world for the past forty years or so—heaven knows how many times he

Elizabeth tries to coax Essex (Leslie Perrins) into a better humour in another scene from "Elizabeth of England," which has been adapted by Ashley Dukes from the German original of Ferdinand Bruckner

has been to America and Australia—and this has left its impression on his keen intelligence and on his splendid sense of humour. And the genial, lovable disposition of the man shines out in every page.

GOLFERS will be interested in Mark's stories of his golfing acquaintances. The veteran Lord Halsbury, for instance, started the game when he was already quite an old man, and never really knew what it was about. Once when playing a foursome, and he and his partner had almost reached the green, he hit the ball as hard as he could, and sent it a long way over on the other side of the hole. When his partner expostulated the famous Lord Chancellor said: "The hole? I know nothing about a hole; I thought whoever hit the ball farthest won the game."

I LIKE, too, Mark's story of the enterprising American concert-agent, who suggested that for a concert to be given by Mme. Carreno (third wife of Eugene d'Albert, the composer) the programme - announcement should run: "Eugene d'Albert's *First* Concerto will be played on the *second* of March by his *third* wife."

ALTHOUGH it is quite in order for a Parliamentary candidate to bribe the electorate with all sorts of Utopian promises impossible of fulfilment, if he dares to hand over money or presents with the object of gaining the voter's support at the polls he is quite rightly liable to find himself in the hottest of hot water. However, unscrupulous candidates *have* been known to avoid breaking the letter of the law whilst violating its spirit, as the following true story shows.

A CERTAIN public figure of some years ago entered the saloon bar of the biggest hotel in the constituency which he was contesting and called for a bottle of champagne. The bottle was duly paid for and opened, and he poured out a quarter of a glass, tested it, remarked loudly, "This doesn't quite suit my palate. Sell me another bottle." Having duly sampled the second bottle, he made the same comment and continued to repeat the performance until six almost full bottles of perfectly good champagne were standing on his table. Then, with a sad, slow smile and a shake of his silver locks, he strolled out, leaving his supporters to do what they thought best with the champagne!

Hughes

STEPHANIE STEPHENS

Playing the part of Mrs. Quintin Raikes in "The Country Girl" at Daly's, where this revival is the most successful of any so far put on at this theatre, which might almost now be called "YesterDaly's." Miss Stephens is a clever comedy actress and makes the most of her part

PARIS FAVOURS BRITISH TWEEDS

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE slogan of "Buy British" that is being pushed just now with such fervour need not be restricted to England. Those who are homeward bound from the South and are in the habit of doing their shopping in Paris en route will probably be bearing this in mind. Paris is by no means blind to the situation and is pushing British materials on her British clients, for many manufacturers of our best goods look to Paris to use the most exclusive and highly priced of their fabrics. This is an angle not to be lost sight of in the heroics in which we are at the moment indulging.

WHETHER we like it or not, Paris sets the fashion for the rest of the world to follow, and when the big designers use British materials their sale is world wide, far more than the home demand would amount to. Again, it is often possible to buy British materials in Paris that are unobtainable in England, for the Englishwoman either cannot or will not pay the high prices necessary for these de luxe and "unusual" fabrics.

THE rivalry between the fur-trimmed coat and the fur coat continues, though the former is an easy winner for smart wear, giving a slimmer line. It is now taking an almost unfair advantage by having the top entirely of fur and the skirt in cloth, or a deep yoke or even sleeves entirely of fur with the rest in cloth. Bolero effects are popular, while Jane Regny has created a novelty in her "jerkins," which are separate sleeveless coats matching the fur on collar or cuffs. They can be buttoned on in a few moments, and may change a plain morning coat into a more dressy affair for afternoons.

FUR-lined coats are inclined to be a little bulky, and a new plan is to use a warm jersey cloth which is light and almost as warm as fur, leaving the sleeves silk-lined to prevent the "catching" of one woollen garment against another. Short fur coats are much in vogue, while the short leather coat is just one of those things we cannot be without. A black antelope coat shown for sports wear was as pliable and soft as a glove and possessed an unusual chic. Leather waistcoats are particularly good for golf, as they give full freedom of movement: but I think the idea first launched by Schiaparelli, who has an instinct for sportswear, should be emulated. It was the practical plan of insetting the sleeve of a leather coat at the shoulder with jersey, which "gives" with movement, using it also at the waist, collar and cuffs.

NOTE.—These Paris Fashion Articles were arranged before the money crisis affected the £ sterling. The result is likely to make London the creative fashion centre of the world in the future rather than Paris.—Ed.

OUR evening gowns are so simple and svelte in their outline that they have brought flowers back into favour. Besides wearing them on the shoulder, a pretty idea is to outline the décolletage to the waistline at the back with flowers. Lelong's famous model with coq's feather trimming outlining the décolletage created a sensation, but was not likely to make a general appeal. Peau d'ange continues in favour to form evening coats. It is extremely successful for the short blouse and jacket, in a contrasting colour to the skirt, but is usually true to its name and is in white.

A striking evening frock of red faille drawn round the body toward the centre back where it fastens in a bustle bow. Below the low hip-line the fullness falls in heavy folds to the ground. Red and white flowers cluster on the shoulder. Model Lucile Paray

Black pleated crêpe de Chine forms the skirt of this evening gown. The tunic, embroidered in scrolls of silver paillettes, gives a slight informality which Lanvin calls "Blouses du Soir." Model Lanvin

JOSEPHINE BAKER CHEZ ELLE

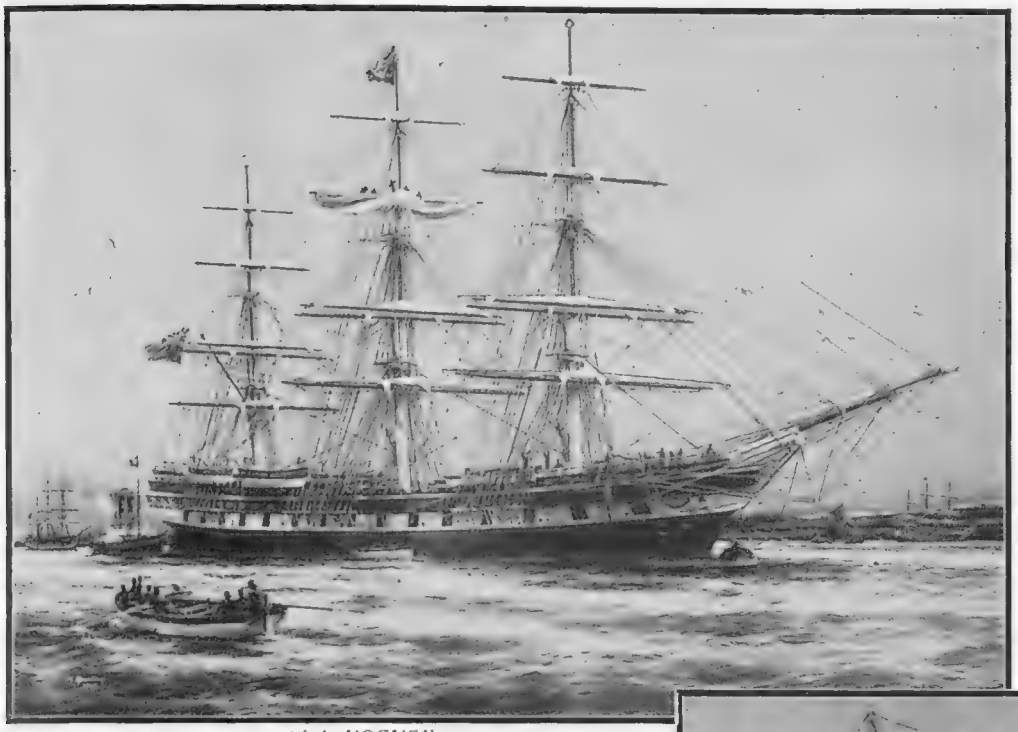
"Somewhere in France" Josephine Baker, the Paris revue star, has a country house to which she flies to rest. She finds bunnies interesting pets, but the one she holds appears to feel its position acutely

On the right she is seen in her flower garden, which is all a-growing and a-blowing

But it is not only rabbits which claim Josephine Baker's attention. Above she is seen in the lovely grounds of her house playing with her friends the dogs—of various breeds—with Pekinese well to the fore. On occasions, as a special treat, she lets the dogs see the rabbits!

Lawn tennis also provides relaxation. Here Josephine is executing a smash from behind the service line with graceful but unorthodox action

SOME FAMOUS CLIPPERS OF THE PAST



"LA HOGUE"

Launched on the Wear in 1855, this Blackwall passenger clipper of oak and teak was easily the largest and most up to date of her day. Each cabin was separately lighted with an oil-lamp—then the very height of luxury! She was broken up in 1897, in her 43rd year

SAILING ships hold a charm and romance for us all which have been but heightened now that they are so seldom seen on the high seas, for it was these ships, with their sails braving the winds of the seven seas, that carried British men and British merchandise the world over to build up the British Empire. The history of the famous clippers which played so large and so fine a part in the nautical history of England, and, indeed, of the whole world, is too precious to be lost to us, but there is no fear of such a catastrophe occurring, for the memory and records of very many have been enshrined in two beautiful volumes, entitled "Sail."

THESE volumes are published by the Blue Peter Publishing Co., Ltd., of 12, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, and in

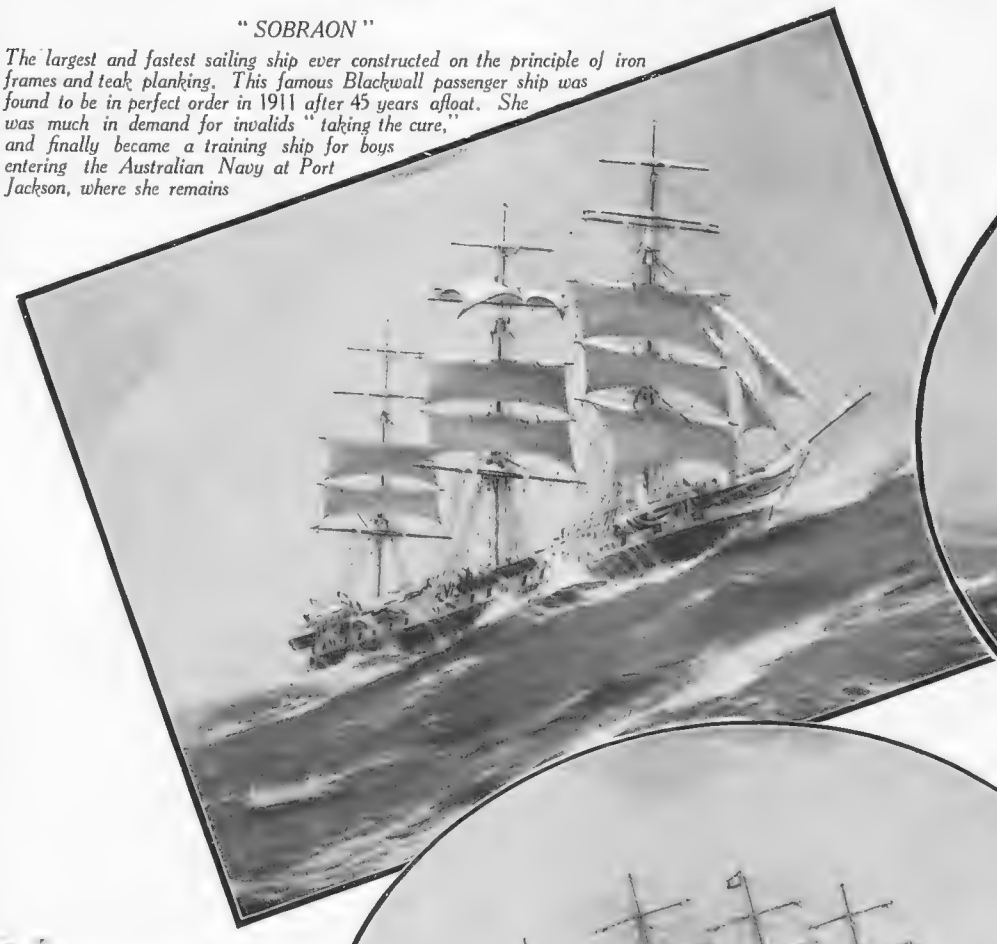
"LIGHTNING"

The American-built clipper of 1854 stood out as a remarkable ship in her day. Her speed in hard winds was tremendous, two records being 436 and 430 miles during 24-hour runs. Her end came suddenly in 1869 when she caught fire, at Geelong, and was scuttled at her anchor

"SALAMIS"

This little wool clipper, the fastest iron sailing ship ever built, was considered the handsomest ship of the Aberdeen White Star fleet in 1875. She made many record passages between London and Melbourne, mostly carrying wool. Her career ended in 1905, when she was wrecked in the South Pacific

WHEN SAILING SHIPS HELD SWAY: M



"SOBRAON"

The largest and fastest sailing ship ever constructed on the principle of iron frames and teak planking. This famous Blackwall passenger ship was found to be in perfect order in 1911 after 45 years afloat. She was much in demand for invalids "taking the cure," and finally became a training ship for boys entering the Australian Navy at Port Jackson, where she remains

"CUTTY

"Cutty Sark," the most famous of all tea fast as some, but she was able to bear drivin many adventures, including muting and a ma she gave several picnics while waiting to loa all the prettiest girls! She lived, as a

"MEDWAY"

Right: Originally noted as the last of a splendid fleet of ocean training ships for future officers of the Mercantile Marine, "Medway" had a gallant war record, several times flying through the danger zone with her cargo of grain without an escort. Disguised as a twin-screw motor schooner with her masts cut down "Medway" (now the "Myr Shell") still sails the seas for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company

"MACQUARIE"

A first-class Blackwall iron clipper of 1875 originally called "Melbourne," was most lavishly decorated and furnished. She was chiefly noted for her safety and comfort, carrying passengers to Australia. Later, she became a cadet-ship, then a timber carrier, and now, scarce recognisable as the magnificent vessel she once was, is a mere coal hulk in Sydney Harbour

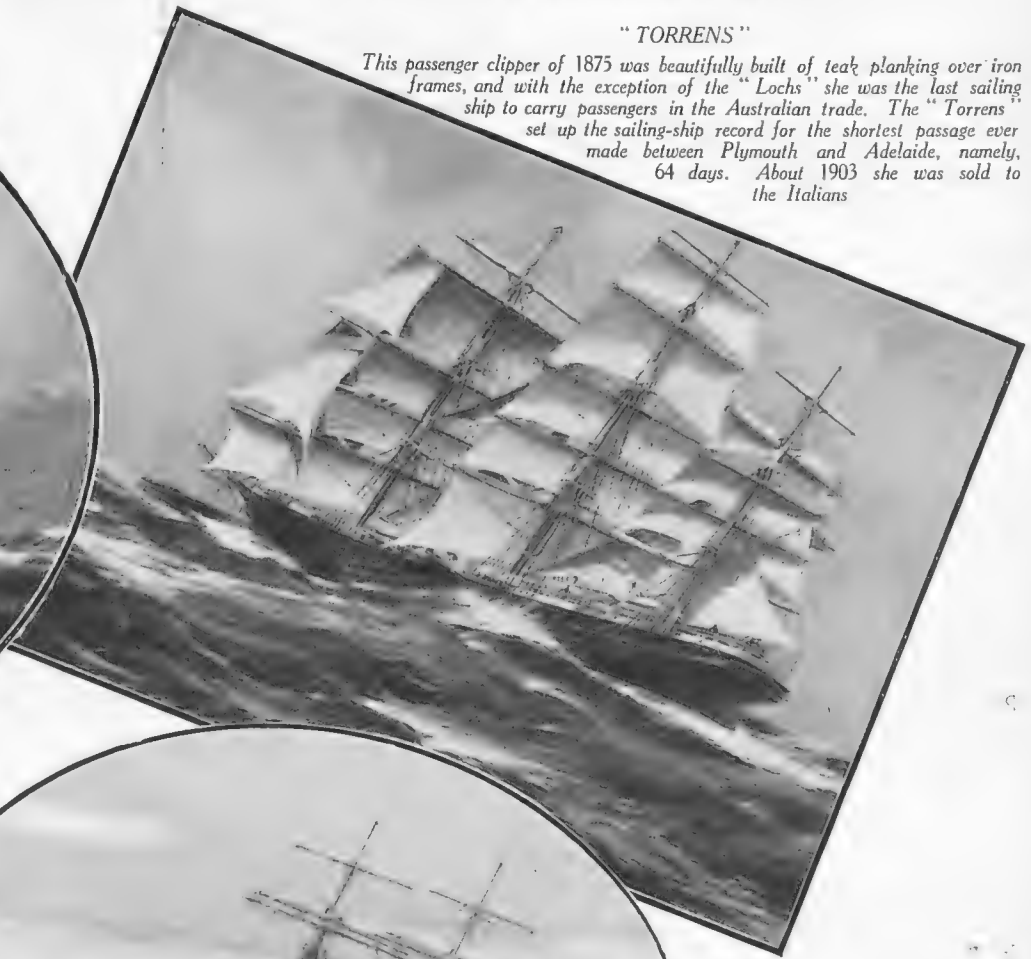
"LOCH TOR

This wool ship, built at Glasgow in 18 most perfectly built and graceful voyaged mostly to Melbourne. Sh and her sail plan was perfectly bala to run than the three-masters, then the property in 1912 of the Russia three years later, when carrying

MORE FAMOUS CLIPPERS WITH HISTORIES

"CUTTY SARK"

...s of all tea clippers, built in 1869, was not quite as ...o bear driving to an unlimited extent. She underwent ...iny and a mad captain. Ever ready for a bit of fun, ...vaiting to load wool at Sydney, gaily patronised by ...lived, as a stationary training ship, until 1924



"TORRENS"

This passenger clipper of 1875 was beautifully built of teak planking over iron frames, and with the exception of the "Lochs" she was the last sailing ship to carry passengers in the Australian trade. The "Torrens" set up the sailing-ship record for the shortest passage ever made between Plymouth and Adelaide, namely, 64 days. About 1903 she was sold to the Italians

"NEOTSFIELD"

Left: The last iron square-rigger built in 1889 by Messrs. A. McMillan & Son, of Dumbarton, and used for general trading purposes. On June 26, 1917, after nearly 30 years of service, she was sunk by a German submarine when 112 miles from Bishop's Rock

...OCH TORRIDON"

...Glasgow in 1881, became famous as one of the ...d graceful of all four-mast barques, and ...bourne. She was particularly well-sparred, ...erfectly balanced, and much more economical ...asters, then generally in use. She became ... the Russians, and was abandoned by them ...hen carrying timber, owing to a leak!

"HESPERUS"

About 1872 it was becoming evident to London shipping firms that iron built clippers were superior in every way to teak built frigates, and it was for this reason that the owners of the "Hesperus" had her constructed of iron. Throughout the nineties this Blackwall passenger ship sailed to Melbourne with Cadets and brought home cargo of wool or grain. In 1899 she was sold to the Russian Government for £9,000

THREE FAMOUS TEA CLIPPERS

their pages will be found a wealth of detail and particulars of many of those vessels which were built between the years 1846 and 1902. Mr. Basil Lubbock tells ably and interestingly the stories of the clippers illustrated in the pages of these volumes by Mr. J. Spurling, whose delightful pictures are reproduced in full colours.

IT is, of course, impossible to mention here all the ships dealt with, but some of the many illustrations are reproduced, by special permission, on these pages, with details of the clippers concerned. Many different types of clippers are dealt with in these two volumes, which are edited by Mr. F. A. Hook, who has carried out his difficult task excellently.

AT a time such as this, when the future of the British Empire as a great sea-trading nation hangs precariously in the balance, these two volumes come as a welcome reminder of the great heritage built up for us by those gallant vessels of a day now dead. Our future, even as our past, is bound up with our ships.

"TAEPING"

The famous tea clipper "Taeping" was built by Messrs. Steele & Co. in 1863 for Capt. Rogers for the special object of beating the flying "Fiery Cross," which had won the premium given to the first arrival on both the previous seasons, 1861 and 1862. She took part in a thrilling tea race of 1868, and a few years later was wrecked on Lads Reef

"ARIEL"

This was another noteworthy tea clipper and a ticklish jade to handle. The chief point of interest about this vessel is that she was the first ship home in the great tea race from Foochow in 1868. She covered the distance in 97 days, a very remarkable feat. In 1872 she left London for Sydney, but she never arrived and no trace of her was ever found

"THERMOPYLAE"

The great rival of the "Cutty Sark," a picture of which will be found on page 136. "Thermopylae," built in 1868, was universally regarded as the fastest ship then ever built. She marked a distinct advance in ship designing as she was powerful enough to bear pressing in hard squalls. Rumour has it that she ended her days as a target for gun practice by the Portuguese Government

How New York bears up

by

William Powell

New York, next to London, is to-day the most interesting city to most of the English-speaking peoples. It may be a toss-up between it and Paris, but "The Bystander" will publish a fortnightly article by W. B. Powell, the well-known New York writer, diner-out, and bon vivant, on the lighter side of New York life. We hope it may prove acceptable.—Editor

RETURNING to New York after three months in Europe I have had so many new impressions crowding in on me, I scarcely know which to tell you about first. From the long list of notes which lie before me I shall start at the top and launch forth until my pages look as though the space you've allotted for New York is full up. In my letters to you I'm going to adhere to that policy which has been adopted by most of our hosts and hostesses—"depression defendu." I find the majority of Americans feel the same as many Englishmen do—that our present state of world financial mess is largely psychological. One wag's explanation is, that the banks are carrying more people than the railroads are! I think the Press devotes entirely too much space to depression, so I for one intend to do my bit by ignoring it as far as possible. But I do want to say, en passant, that since I left America last June I find my countrymen have become even more low in mind—if that's possible. They are rather like children who are ill for the first time—bad patients now that they can't romp about and make whoopee, in the careless fashion they acquired during the golden days of yore. No, I'm afraid we aren't bearing our lot in the silent and carry-on spirit of Britain—and Germany too. And that's all about depression, I promise you.

Two studies of Fred and Adele Astaire, who are the life and soul of "The Band Wagon," which is "beating the band" at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York. If ever the New Yorkers allow this bright show to leave its native shores, London will have the opportunity of seeing it at a West End theatre

S

TO jump to more cheerful subjects—I find Broadway ablaze with new signs announcing the autumn revues and plays. I shall tell you in a later letter about the high spots of the three outstanding revues and about their musical hits which you are likely to be dancing to during the winter. The shows I refer to are "The Scandals," "The Vanities," and, of course, Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies." As to plays, you could almost believe you were in the West End as you glance at the signs

in front of the theatres announcing—"The Breadwinner," "The Good Companions," "Payment Deferred," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Grand Hotel." "The Breadwinner" wasn't received very well by the critics, although it's doing fairly good business and Marie Lohr is liked in her part, although A. E. Matthews isn't especially happy in his rôle. Miss Lohr has caused quite a discussion among those who worry about their diction. She has a line—"Remember how you found a piece of bread and butter and you et it?" Many of the audience thought it was a faux pas, or was, as our widely read Walter Winchell said in the *Mirror* "pediculous" English. But since many writers have assured their readers that Miss Lohr's "et was O.K.", there will probably be a rush to use this form instead of the more familiar American "ate."

MRS. J. B. Fagan has just come over from London to be with her husband while he's rehearsing "The Improper Duchess," which opens, appropriately enough, where the scene of the play is laid, in Washington. It's scheduled to come to town on October 12, and everyone who saw Yvonne Arnaud act in the play last summer will be most interested to see Irene Bordoni's interpretation. Also headed for New York soon is Maurice Browne's production of "The Venetians." Speaking of the English invasion—it isn't confined to the stage. The gramophone shops which cater for smarter people are proclaiming through their advertisements and window displays that they sell English records.

ONLY a few years ago, Americans were very apt to look with scorn upon the records made in Britain, considering them slow and stodgy. But not so to-day. It is considered very chic to play the latest London hits for your guests. Take "Time On My Hands," for example. This tune first appeared in an American show, Ziegfeld's "Smiles" of last winter. Although it had the popular Astaires and the glamorous Marilyn Miller in the cast the show failed, and with its demise went "Time On My Hands." But suddenly London orchestras took it up, played it exceedingly well, and made records of it Now our gramophone shops are cabling madly to England for records with which to supply the great demand for this tune, which is advertised as "the latest hit from England."

IT seems to me there are an unusual number of Britishers about town for this time of year. I noticed Sir Arthur and Lady Dickinson dining at the Plaza the other night, Lord Glentanar has arrived from Scotland, and Lady Bradford Leslie has established herself in an apartment on Fifth Avenue until she returns to England.

THERE'S quite a fad now to play games of the type of "Murder," games especially appropriate for house parties and where one wants to be informal. One of these is called "Tower," and was apparently invented this summer out on Long Island by the polo crowd who live around Sands Point. I won't go into the intricacies of the game—the point, in a nutshell, is for the players to choose with whom they would prefer to spend their lives if they were to be locked up in a tower. I hear that Beatrice Lillie (who took a house at Sands Point during the summer, coming in every evening to play in The Third Little Show) ran away with the season's Tower honours, the colonists voting by an overwhelming majority that they would prefer the company of Lady Peel to that of anyone else in the world, should they be placed in a tower for life.

Tillie Losch, another of the bright particular stars of "The Band Wagon" at the New Amsterdam Theatre. She is seen in the costume she wears for her exotic and modernistic number, "Dancing in the Dark"

SO great is the fad for games of this sort that a book has just been published telling how to play various ones—it is called "The Book of Dilemmas." Speaking of deciding with whom you would live if you found yourself in towers, on desert islands, etc., here's a story that's going the rounds. Some debutantes were discussing what type of man would be most desirable should a girl find herself stranded for life on an island with a male companion. One girl said she would like to have a humorist, another preferred a caveman, another a good cook—and so on. Finally, one little girl who hadn't been heard from was asked her choice, and unhesitatingly she said, "An obstetrician."

I WONDER if London has gone in for "Gandhi" parties? The Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island announced one, their idea being for guests to come in loin cloths. Not a bad suggestion provided there's an Indian summer night for the party—at least it's not bad for the men, but I fear the ladies will have to employ considerable ingenuity if Gandhi parties are to escape a raid.

CARNEGIE HALL, which corresponds to your Queen's Hall, has announced an innovation which should prove welcome to concert lovers. With our traffic getting worse and worse, and New Yorkers dining later and later, it is inevitable that there are always a great number of people who arrive after the conductor has raised his baton. Now, instead of herding the late-comers in the rear until the first number is over, Carnegie Hall has installed a comfortable waiting room, fitted out with couches and chairs, where a loudspeaker transfers the music from the concert stage to those in the waiting room.

THE first version of the Empress Eugenie hat seems to have been as short-lived in New York as it was in Europe. The town has been laughing over a typographical error in a recent advertisement of one of our large shops. It read, "We are featuring the new Eugenic hats." But the New York girl's chapeaux still are worn with quite a rakish tilt over the eye, although they're less extreme than when the epidemic broke out the first of the summer. W. B. P.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

JUST JUNIPER

by George Froxfield

"SINK the law!" ejaculated Juniper, wrinkling her nose. "My dear Mums, appealing to the law's as futile as yelling for a straw as you go over Niagara!"

Flo Bourne, propped in bed against a mountain of pillows, splayed the fingers of her left hand over her heart—her usual method of applying the closure. A weak heart she had long ago discovered to be a splendid defensive declaration.

"All right," murmured Juniper soothingly. "Still, my idea of justice is for us to crash down to Speedwells, break in if necessary, and defy anybody to turn us out."

When, twenty lean years ago, her husband, the late Mr. Charles Swinfen Bourne, inherited, and insisted upon living at, Speedwells, Flo renamed it "The Sty," and made his obstinacy and its remoteness serve as adequate reasons for a separation long overdue. In many ways Charlie had been a worry. For instance, to belong to the Mabys, as Flo once commented, is one thing, but the charity oughtn't to begin at home.

Juniper (known to the solicitors as "sole issue of the marriage") kissed her mother and added:

"If ever you hear me depending on the law, or even calling in a policeman, clap me into an asylum! And now I must dash. Bubbles is trying out a new car. Brighton. May be a bit late. Don't worry."

Juniper's appearance at the front door muted Hubert Hemingway's illegal obligato on the hooter.

"Cheers," said he; "only twenty minutes late. Juniper, why will you waste time gilding refined gold?"

"Gold!" echoed Juniper, looking flabbergasted. "What's that? Oh, Bubbles, there's a rumpus over father's will! They are trying to make out that Speedwells isn't ours."

"Sink Speedwells!" he retorted. "Ready? Hop in, then. Come down to Westcote. With a special licence it and I could be yours in twenty-four hours. Are you on?"

Juniper stared at him and sighed.

"What're you glowering at, grampus?" he demanded.

"In some ways," observed Juniper, "you're quite a dear. But are you a last ditcher? Would you stick to me through thick and thin? Or are you only a flippant flibbertigibbet? I'd love to—to try *you* out."

"No's shorter," said he, as the car shot from the kerb. "My good damsel, are there dragons to slay these days? I ask you. It'll end in my marrying somebody else, I warn you, and you crying your eyes out. It will be too late then. You'll go sour on the shelf. You'll become catty. You'll——"

"I shan't," she broke in. "I shan't be anything but 'the late' if you don't apply your dear little mind to steering," as the car swerved in a most alarming manner.

AT dinner at the Cosmopolitan at Brighton that evening Bubbles became aware that Juniper, staring fixedly across the restaurant, wasn't listening to him. "Bubbles," said she abruptly, "I've left my hanky in my coat. No, of course you can't get it. They'd throw you out. It's in the cloak-room."

She sauntered by a circuitous route between tables to the door. Bubbles saw her glance at a bald-headed, white-faced, hooked-nose man, and scrutinise the woman he was dining with—a behennaed damsel in an emerald green dress with an emerald necklace round her enamelled neck.

Juniper reappeared a few minutes later with a waiter at her elbow. Bubbles watched her, wondering, as she spoke, smiled, listened, nodded, and then came jauntily back to the table.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Nothing. Why? Have I a smut on my nose?"

"What on earth were you gassing to that dago about?"

"Bubbles! Jealous?"

"Fool!" said he.

"You darling! Didn't know you had it in you!" declared Juniper. "Green-eyed beast, he was telling me that there's an extra special dance on here to-night, and I was telling him that we're going to it."

That, of course, was that. It wasn't till nearly midnight that Bubbles reminded her that they weren't dancing in London, and that it was a bit of a step home.

Juniper frowned and ejaculated:

"Driving fifty-odd miles after a dance *is* an anti-climax. What's to be done?"

"Step on the gas," said he.

"Your imagination's a Sahara," she retorted. "Wait here like a good little boy. Don't wander. Don't let any nasty girl talk to you. Keep yourself to yourself. Self-respect's a jewel, remember. I shan't be long."

"Where're you off to?"

"To see what can be done about it," said Juniper.

She returned in fifteen minutes.

"We're saved," she told Bubbles. "I've just rung Muriel out of bed. She *is* foul-mouthed, really! But she's going to break the news to mother that we're delayed. She lives two doors off, you know."

"I do know. But——"

"Your room's 86 and mine's number 7," announced Juniper. "Don't be frightened, dear. There's 79 between us—not to mention two whole flights of stairs!"

Get behind me," was his comment. "I'm not on. Your mother's a dear, and she'd be stupendously ratty. Also there's her heart. Besides, you're a dear, too. No. It's the last thing I'd do"

"Then good-night and good-bye,

Illustrated by
LEO BATES

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darling," said Juniper. Argument was futile. Between one and two Bubbles retired to No. 86. As he took his shoes off he couldn't help smiling at recollections of Victorian novels. In them in a similar way villainous youth brought pressure to bear to make lily-white heiresses marry them. Other times!

CLIMBING into chilly bed in his vest and pants, Bubbles was suddenly struck by the idea that Juniper *was*—as she put it—trying him out. She was a dear and a sport, and an anything-for-a-ragster, but he knew—or felt he knew—exactly where she drew the line. Were he to wander down to Number 7, Juniper, in lofty contempt, would announce that she was through with him. Well, he thought, smiling, she was no temptation that way. Other girls had been—even might be. Between Juniper and himself, however, was a great gulf fixed which only red carpet, "Wilt thou take," ring, organ, pack of relatives, and cases of fizz could bridge.

Bubbles turned in, and, when the last of the harvest of boots had dropped and the epidemic of door-slamming died down, went to sleep. He awoke because he heard his door opening. Swiftly it was shut. He groped for the pendant switch of the electric light thinking of his wallet, and saying sharply, "Who's there?"

"Me, Juniper," he heard her whisper, and then the locking of the door. "Don't put on the light. Don't say a word."

Through the darkness he heard her tip-toed coming. She groped, found the hummock of his toes, ran her fingers along his shin, sat down on the edge of the bed, and said in her lowest tones:

"Did I frighten you? It's quite all right, my poor little darling," she whispered softly.

"But it isn't. What's up?"

"I am—two flights. Bubbles, I had a nightmare. I've come running to Daddy to be comforted. Lie back, dear. And—and, remember, you mustn't be surprised at anything."

"But, look here, old thing——"

Juniper's hands pressed him back on his pillows.

"Let me do the talking," she whispered. "You're so noisy. No one must hear. Listen!"

Stealthy footsteps were faintly audible. Juniper's hand slid over Bubble's mouth. Stock still she sat. The footsteps passed on.

Juniper bent, and her breath, as she spoke, played on his ear.

"I'll explain later. They—they may come back. Just trust me, Bubbles—through thick and thin, will you?"

"Of course I will. Only——"

"Poor perturbed darling!" said she, fondling him. "I *am* taking advantage of a poor defenceless innocent! I *do* feel a vamp. I never meant to disturb you. Don't tremble, darling. I'll see nobody ever says a word against you."

"It's all very well you laughing," began Bubbles, but Juniper hushed him.

"Someone's in the passage," she whispered.

Once more the stealthy footsteps resounded.

"After you? I'll deal with him," said Bubbles, starting up and making the bed creak.

She caught his arm.

"Nothing to do with me," she said. "And nobody—*nobody* must know I'm here. Oh, *do* keep quiet!"

The footsteps approached the door. Somebody tapped.

"Wake up and answer sleepily," whispered Juniper in his ear. "Keep me dark whatever you do. I'll hide."

The knocking was repeated.

"Let's gasp," she suggested. "Hand one over. My nerves have all gone to pieces. Thanks"

"Hello!" ejaculated Bubbles, sitting up. "Who's there? What d'you want?"

"Mide I 'ave a verd vid you?" requested a thick, Hebraic voice.

Out of bed tumbled Bubbles, switched on the light, glanced round the room to make sure that Juniper was out of sight, then went to the door and opened it.

A little, bald-headed, white-cheeked man with a pink hooked nose stood in the corridor in shirt, trousers and slippers.

"What's up?" demanded Bubbles. "Who the devil are you?"

"A guest 'ere, sare. Like yourself. Vas you disdurbed, sare? A young voman? I vas wobbed."

"No young woman's robbed me," said Bubbles. "When?"

"Juice now—nod fifdeen minids bag."

"Then hike the manager out of bed, man."

"Only as a lasd resord. I 'ave my reasons. I 'ade publicity. De teef stole in by de vindow. Vide open it vas. Leonie—my—my vife voke. She saw 'er creepin' out of our rooma. She voke me. Eet vas doo lade."

"You're the josser I've heard creaking about for the last half-hour?"

"Five minids, sare. No more. I 'ave bin wobbed of a priceless neglace."

"Then raise the alarm, man! Which is your room?"

"No. 6 an' I dare raise no alarms. De teef came ubstairs. I opened de door juice in dime to catch a glimpse of 'er. She durned an' saw me an' bolted ub 'ere. I 'ad nodings on. I vaited to pull on shird an' drousers an' followed. She 'as varnish."

"One of the maids, d'you suppose?" Juniper crouching behind the bed heard Bubbles suggest and marked the perturbation in his tones. "Sure you aren't making a mistake? Didn't she just come into your room in mistake for her own? I don't believe anything's missing."

"Vy you say dad? De neglace vas on de dressin'-dable. Eet is gorna. Leonie, she pud eet dare. I vill go ubstairs. I egspec' you are ride. De chamber-maida! I vill lissen an' den I vill rouse de manager."

"What made you knock me up?" demanded Bubbles.

"I 'eard your bed creak an' tord you vas avake. Mine apologees. Goot-nide to you, sare."

Bubbles shut the door, listened intently, then locked it and came back to the bed. Above its further edge Juniper's head rose swiftly and sank again.

"Juniper, you——"

"Darling," said she, "you look much better dressed in the dark."

His hand then shot to the switch.

From the darkness came Juniper's whisper:

"I'm dressed already," said she. "You see I value my reputation. It's past four. I think you'd better dress, too. Can you manage to dress in the dark, darling?"

"Look here, Juniper—"

"I don't mean to. I shall even stop my ears. I'm not a bit immodest really. Do dress."

"Tell me why you've——"

"It's nice of you not jumping to conclusions," said she.

"I'm not a B.F."

"That you're not," whispered Juniper in the comforting tones of a Nanna. "You're Juniper's brave bouncing boy—but she'd like you all the more if you were better clad."

The silence was broken by little sounds.

"The slither of silk socks," whispered Juniper. "The rattle of loose-change in a trouser pocket. . . . The creak of braces . . . the phlut of a foot sliding into a shoe. . . . And another. . . . Putting your collar on, darling?"

"Yes."

"Let's gasp," she suggested. "Hand one over. My nerves have all gone to pieces. Thanks."

"What—what's happened?"

"In the nightmare? Got a match? Oh, frightful things! Bubbles, you don't think I'd come bedroom-door crashing otherwise, do you? Rattled out of my commonsenses I was. This is a most unusual proceeding for me."

"Tell me what happened," he said, holding a flaming match out. "What's that greasy swine to do with you?"

"Nothing whatever. I didn't dream about *him*."

"Wasn't he with that red-headed slut in green downstairs?"

"Fancy you noticing her? Oh, Bubbles, were you struck?"

"For God's sake, don't rag! Juniper, what's it all mean? I—I feel sure there's something *in* all this. You're—trying me out?"

"Well, yes. But I never meant to."

"Weren't you sure you could rely on me even if—if it was a hanging matter?"

"I hoped I was."

"Did you—disturb those two? Just for a rag? Just to get chased and see if I'd——?"

"To see if you'd ask questions or," said Juniper, "just trust me."

"Of course I trust you. Don't be a little fool. But it was a damned dangerous, reckless thing to do. Did you scrounge the rotten necklace he's babbling about?"

"Yes. I—hid it."

"Where?"

"That's my secret."

"Look here, darling, a rag's a rag. But we can't let this thing go too far. That oily sweep's going to the manager. That means the police."

"They won't suspect *me*," said Juniper.

(*Continued on page 146*)

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS LOVERS

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, who rank very high in the list of famous film lovers. They are seen above in their latest Fox film, "Merely Mary Ann," in which they once again delight their "fans" who love to follow the course of true love as presented on the screen. This talkie is now at the Tivoli

Elissa Landi, the young English actress, who has most successfully crashed the portals of Hollywood to become a star of the first magnitude under the Fox administration. She lately returned for a holiday here before starting work again in Hollywood, where the photograph below was taken in her garden

TWO NEW FILMS OF THE MOMENT

A spot of bother in the old homestead. Ronald Colman as the dashing hero leaps to the rescue of the persecuted heroine in quite the approved manner in a scene from the George Fitzmaurice production of "The Unholy Garden." This talkie started its run at the Domonion Theatre on Monday last

Ronald Colman, complete with famous moustache, as Barry Hunt, and Fay Wray as Camille, who, we are officially informed, is "a sweet young thing untouched by the world and decidedly ripe for a siege of romancing," in "The Unholy Garden." The action of the story is set in Algiers

Dorothy Bouchier and Joseph Schildkraut in a scene from "Carnival." The talkie version of the famous play has been made at Elstree and some of the exteriors were "shot" in Venice. Matheson Lang is the star, as he was in the original stage version

JUST JUNIPER (*continued from page* 143)

"They'll suspect everybody. Probably we'll all be searched. If the thing's traced to you it means a hell of a lot of gossip. Think of—of your mother's dicky heart."

"I will. I am I have," said she. "It's pretty well all I have thought about. But, Bubbles, you've—you've only to—to disown me. Pretend you don't know anything about me. We're registered in sham names, you know. I saw to that."

"I'd forgotten all about it. D'you mean you——?"

"I do. You're John Sloane and I'm Mary Gloucester—the Underground, you know. You can hook it easily. Why not—bunk?"

"Tell me what you've done and why," he said. "I can't help unless I——"

"Oh, but you must! It's the only way you *can* help me. You've got to trust me through and through—even if you do think me—a teef."

"That's simply talking balderdash. I know perfectly well that——"

JUNIPER'S fingers muted him. Footsteps drew near in the corridor. The sound of a murmured conversation was audible. Juniper groped her way to the open window. Moonless it was, but starlight made a faint irradiation in eyes used to the pitch darkness of the room.

Somebody knocked.

"Keep 'em talking," Juniper whispered. "There's a balcony and some leads only a few feet below."

"You can't!" said he, having gone to her swiftly.

The knocking was repeated.

"It's perfectly all right," murmured Juniper. "I'll get in by my window. Don't you worry about me."

"What is it?" demanded Bubbles sharply. "Who's there?"

Juniper sat down on the window-sill and swung one leg over it as somebody in the corridor said:

"Me, sir—the manager. D'you mind my having a word with you?"

Juniper stepped out on to the leads as Bubbles answered:

"Right! Wait a sec, while I pull on a few clothes."

Leaning out of the window he added in a whisper:

"For God's sake, be careful, darling. Sure you'll be all right?"

"As rain. Good-night."

She smiled, patted his cheek and pattered away. He switched on the light, then shook his trouser pockets to make his small change rattle and stamped his feet. From the window he saw Juniper's faint outline. She was clambering down a thick-stemmed wistaria.

"We're in a great hurry, sir," called the manager, impatiently.

Bubbles unlocked the door. The manager, clad in a jazz silk dressing-gown, came pressing in and glanced round the room.

"Mr. Inverness declared he heard voices here," he said.

"The rat's disturbed me once already," Bubbles declared, apparently infuriated. "What the devil's biting him? Mr. Inverness! Mr. Interest I'd say! What's your real name—the name you have to print on your money-lending circulars, rat? Come in. Come in and search, if you want to. Are you accusing me of breaking into your bedroom and stealing your wife's—what was it?"

"I never said you tole 'er vat-vas-it! I never said you tole anyding or come near our room. A voman it vas that come in. I make no accusations whadever."

"We'll see about that," said Bubbles. "But first I'll have your name—your real name and address, if you don't mind. Also that of—the lady."

Even the bald head went pink.

"Come along, Mr. Braham," said the manager curtly. "It's the gentleman's right, you know. You've made this charge. You alleged that he's harbouring a thief."

"Braham?" repeated Bubbles. "Nathan Braham? The money-lender? Thought I knew the dial. Your—*wife*? Oh, come right in! Let's shut the door. This is a *very* private matter, I see."

A FEW minutes later Mr. Braham, almost in tears, departed. The apologetic manager lingered. Suspect one of the staff? Not he. Suspect Braham himself first. Probably a stunt to get money out of some insurance office.

"Only he'd have brought his real wife along if so," said the manager. "I'll watch him though. Sorry you've been disturbed, sir."

Bubbles wisely refused to be mollified, though graciously admitting it wasn't the manager's fault.

"I'll tell my solicitors off to deal with the damned rat," he said. "Lord, nearly 5 o'clock! Well, I'll put in the little time for shut-eye that's left."

"Mr. Sloane" and "Miss Gloucester" left the Cosmopolitan at 8 o'clock that morning, and Bubbles's personal record on the homeward journey was broken.

It was a silent spin, for Juniper had said, "D'you mind my dossing? I'm dead beat."

In the hall at home, however, Juniper said:

"Come and dine to-night?"

"I'm still to be kept in the dark?"

"Please, Bubbles."

"All right. Have it your own way."

"Peeved?"

"A spot."

"Who wouldn't be? And you've been a perfect angel! I *have* tried you out, haven't I? And I'm a very just sort of person. Bubbles, my dear, don't you want to ask one single question?"

"No."

"You may if you like. No? Not even one—the usual one, the old one, the one you like asking me? Or don't you want to ask it of—a teef?"

"Don't be a damned fool!"

"But I want to be," said Juniper, "if you'd ask me to be. Only it's a rum way of proposing."

He stared. Juniper smiled.

"This is where we fall into each other's arms."

So they did.

Soon after 10 o'clock that morning Juniper opened her mother's bedroom door and carried in her breakfast-tray.

"Were you dreadfully late last night?" asked Mrs. Bourne. "Muriel came in and said you'd had a breakdown but were quite all right."

(*Continued on page* 150)

CUBBING WITH THE "H.H."

The Master of the Hampshire Hunt presenting a mask to a fair spectator after a kill. It was a sequel to the meet held recently at Lower Wield

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A GREAT QUEEN and HER TIMES

By "JUNIUS"

IT has become a shibboleth—and a rather stupid and distinctly un-understanding shibboleth—amongst some of our younger people to dismiss a period of England's highest national fortune with one word, and a word used contemptuously—Victorian.

A period of ugly furniture, strict conventions; ostracism for the divorcée, a general public and domestic "stuffiness," is blamed upon Queen Victoria by these glib young folk who don't know their history. I would recommend such critics of a great Queen and her reign to read the last volume of her Letters, *The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1886-1901* (Murray: 25s.). They are published with the authority of the King, and edited by Mr. George Earle Buckle, a former editor of *The Times*.

IN close upon six hundred pages they will find no trace to warrant their parrot-cry "Victorianism." They will find a woman of over seventy who in her seclusion at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, had her hand not only on the political pulse of her own country but upon the political pulse of Europe. In her letters to her Ministers, to her secretaries, her Ambassadors, to her family, and in her Journal, the Queen with her own hand must have written millions of words. Her physical power with the pen was amazing. In the fashion of her youth she used under-lining. This to modern readers always gives a suggestion of exaggeration. But in Queen Victoria it was only a habit. Her Journal and her Letters show her to be balanced and just. You have only to read her account of her leave-taking with Mrs. Gladstone after Gladstone's final retirement to realise how fair and just she was.

"SHE was very much upset, poor thing, and asked to be allowed to speak. . . . This was to say, which she did with many tears, that whatever his errors might have been, 'his devotion to Your Majesty and the Crown were very great.' She repeated this twice, and begged me to allow her to tell him that I believed it, which I did; for I am convinced it is the case, though at times his actions may have made it difficult to believe. . . . I kissed her when she left."

QUEEN VICTORIA had a statesman-like prescience about India. Her letters suggesting the line of action by the authorities after the Manipur tragedy have a prophecy which we now see being fulfilled. The ex-Kaiser was all compliments and affection to his grandmother. He had already been made a British Admiral. Obviously, the Queen was not entirely dorlotée by her grandson's expressions of devotion. It was suggested that he should be given British military rank. She wrote to her devoted secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, "This would never do, and he is an Admiral. The Queen thinks he is far too much spoilt already." And then in another letter, "This fishing for uniforms on both sides is regrettable."

Pearl Freeman

MR. R. D. BLUMENFELD

The Editor-in-Chief of the "Daily Express," whose book of reminiscences, "All in a Lifetime," is published by Benn at 7s. 6d. It is reviewed in this article

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF

The author of "Journey's End" has broken fresh ground with a brilliant novel, "The Fortnight in September" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

WE acclaim statesmen, soldiers, and sailors who devote their labours to the country. I think if the young people, who have made "Victorianism" a word of belittlement and scorn, would read these Letters, they would realise that a dowdy widow's bonnet covered a brain and foresight whose influence on Ministers and Empire have given their fathers the wherewithal to provide them with motor cars and all the things that are not "Victorian." No world begins yesterday. That our young people forget.

YOU must read *All in a Lifetime* (Benn: 7s. 6d.), by R. D. Blumenfeld, who you know is the Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Express*. Mr. Blumenfeld divides his book into two parts. The first part is all about London during the War, and the conditions most people have forgotten. It brings back to you, with a definite reality, all the things that now seem unbelievable—ration cards, air-raids, darkened streets and houses, and the apprehension of lessening food and lurking death.

THEN Mr. Blumenfeld pulls down the veil which until now has hung between the War Government and the Press. Read those Government notices and you will realise how largely the Government depended in those awesome years on the loyalty of the Press. The second half of the book touches on personalities. Perhaps this is more interesting because we always forget lack of sugar and other discomforts, and remember people. Looking round on the present political situation which seems to have no place in any party for Mr. Winston Churchill, I wonder if Mr. Blumenfeld's words are the writing on the wall! He describes him as "a writing man who should never again be permitted to set foot in Whitehall. Here is the real, veritable Admirable Crichton, who is endowed beyond explanation with literary gifts beside which his efforts at statesmanship are dross."

MEN like Mr. Blumenfeld are to be envied. And there are few of them. His genius as a journalist has brought him into touch with all manner of people and affairs. A wide knowledge of the world, we know, can easily lead to cynicism. Mr. Blumenfeld's knowledge has left him with the

THE PRINCE on an "ENCOURAGING SIGN"

Aladdin Industries, Ltd., commemorated the opening of their new ideal factory at Greenford, Middlesex, by employing another 100 hands and giving a party. Above are seen the Comtesse de Sibour, Miss Eileen Lamb, Mrs. Brian Mountain, Mrs. John Hughes, Mr. David McEuen, and Mr. Tom Rochford

Supper, dancing, and an inspection of the entertainment. Above are Holland, the Hon. Mrs. Parsons

At the moment when acute it is important that the new with a loud réclame. The congratulation said he regard

Lady Terrington picking up hints from the youngest worker in the factory, a girl of under fifteen, at her machine. This is an all-British factory for the manufacture of the famous Aladdin lamps, and its opening occurs at an auspicious moment for the development of British industry

Lord Londonderry, who opened the new building officiall is second on the right. On the left is Miss E. Allen, wh Managing Director, and Major Salmon, recently M.P. for the well-known

SOCIETY assists to install an ALL-BRITISH FACTORY

of the fairy-like factory, were all part seen Mrs. de Winton Wills, Mr. Bob and the Hon. William Bethell

industrial depression is all the cry Aladdin factory opens its doors Prince of Wales in his letter of it as an "encouraging sign"

The Marquess of Londonderry performed the opening ceremony and most of the guests inspected the new factory. Above are seen Lady Domville and her brother watching a demonstration

and read a letter of congratulation from the Prince of Wales, looks after the welfare of the employees, Mr. Jack Imber, the the district. Above, in the oval, is seen Mr. George Cuming, advertising agent

Teaching Society how to make lamp mantles. Baroness Furnivall (left) tries her hand, aided by Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, Mrs. de Winton Wills, and the Hon. Mrs. Parsons. (Above in circle), Mrs. Vivian Simon examining a mantle

Photographs specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Sasha*

JUST JUNIPER (continued from page 146)

"Got to bed soon after one," answered Juniper vaguely. "Make a good breakfast, Mums."

Mrs. Bourne's keys lay on the dressing-table. Juniper took them—en passant, as chess-players say.

Half-an-hour later Juniper returned.

"Mums," she said, "d'you think it's quite proper having all the few valuables we possess kept here in a safe with you so dreadfully slack about your keys? Suppose the rope got stolen?"

The Bourne rope had been well known ever since the Maharani of Hyderapatam hung it—a supple cord of emeralds—about the neck of Colonel Bernard Bourne, then in the service of John Company. It was the Bourne mascot, and though luck had deserted them and the family had grown poorer and poorer, no Bourne had ever dreamt of parting with it.

"Darling," said her mother, "I never let the keys out of my sight."

Juniper held up the dangling bunch.

"I've just been making an inspection," she said.

"Juniper!" gasped Mrs. Bourne.

"I wanted to have a peep at the darling rope," said Juniper. "Mums, it ought to be kept at the bank, I think. Anybody could steal it. That maid we had—the one who lifted my pearl pendant—could easily have got hold of the key, bagged the rope, pawned it, or ——"

"Don't!" burst out Mrs. Bourne, whose chin had been slowly sagging and whose cheeks had gradually ripened till the powder on them looked like the bloom on a damson. "Why not be frank? You found the case empty. You've guessed, I see. Juniper, darling, I didn't know what to do. At my wits' end I was. Everybody was clamouring to be paid. There were three summonses. I didn't dare mention it to you. You're so thoroughly a Bourne. Only to me it seemed absurd for the silly old rope to be lying idly there worth hundreds of pounds and me lying here worried to death. It isn't sold, Juniper. Of course, I wouldn't dream of selling it. But Mr. Braham—the money-lender—let me have £250 on it, and—darling, don't look so aghast! It isn't hurt. It ——"

"Mother! You—you popped it?"

"Yes. It—it comes to that."

"Mr. Braham? What's he like?"

"Oh, whitey-yellow, bald——"

"With a paunch and a pink nose?"

"Yes, darling. Short, waddles a little. But ——"

"Only pawned—not sold? Then he'd no right to—use it or let anybody else use it?"

"None. Of course not. It will lie in his strong-room as safe—even safer—than here. Nobody is to know I pawned it, Juniper dearest."

Juniper collapsed on the bed and began to laugh. She lay back with her clenched fists at her breasts. She bent forward with her hands fluttering above her head.

"Mums," she burst out at last, "the oily little beast was at the Cosmopolitan at Brighton last night with a ghastly, garish young woman! She was wearing an emerald rope. I went up close. I knew it was ours and, of course, jumped to the conclusion that it had been bagged. I was afraid you'd have a fit if you knew. Send for the police? Wait for the old slug of the law? Not me! So I plotted and simply looted the thing back. Mums, darling, the rope's lying snug in the safe at this very moment!"

"'HEMINGWAY: Bourne.—On June 12th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, by the Rev. Canon Skeffington,'" read Mr. Nathan Ashur Braham at breakfast some weeks later, "'Hubert Lennox Jaffray (Bubbles) Hemingway, eldest son of the late Sir Jaffray and Lady Hemingway, of Westcote Hall, Bungay, Suffolk, to Juniper Bourne, only daughter of the late Major R. and Mrs. Bourne, of 10, Eaton Lane.'"

"Deese sociedy beeble!" lamented Mr. Braham, addressing his elderly wife.

He recalled the visit of Juniper and Bubbles to his office. They had come to repay the loan of £250 and demand the return of the emerald rope. Never would he forget the ghastly half-hour he had endured, listening to Juniper's threats of lawsuits and exposure, before, laughing, she had suddenly let him into her secret.

"Deese sociedy beeble 'ave no sense of decency," exclaimed Mr. Braham. "I could dell you a drue story of deese doo young beeble, puddin' ub ad an 'odel togedder before marriage as would make each ob your 'airs stand ub saparadely on end. She vas in 'is room—now I feel sure of eet—'alf de nide. Dees-graceful!" G. F.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 147)

kindliest understanding of men and women, and of

"Things of matter and might,
Things that great Ministers do."

IF you can persuade yourself to believe that a discarded mistress of a Brigadier will allow her house to be used as a maternity home for the birth of two children to two of her successors, take in yet a third, and then bring up all three, you will find *The Whicharts* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Noel Streatfeild, a promising first novel. The characters of the three girls are skilfully differentiated. They become dancers, and I find the writer's descriptions of theatrical life more convincing than the extraordinary establishment in the Cromwell Road.

High Summer (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Richard Church, will cause considerable discussion, and there will probably be one set of readers who will consider that the heroine has every right to dispose of her life as she does in giving herself to a married man; another set who will consider she was wrong to leave her husband. Personally, I think some of the details in Norah's relationship with her husband and her lover are unnecessary, and mar an interesting story of clashing temperaments.

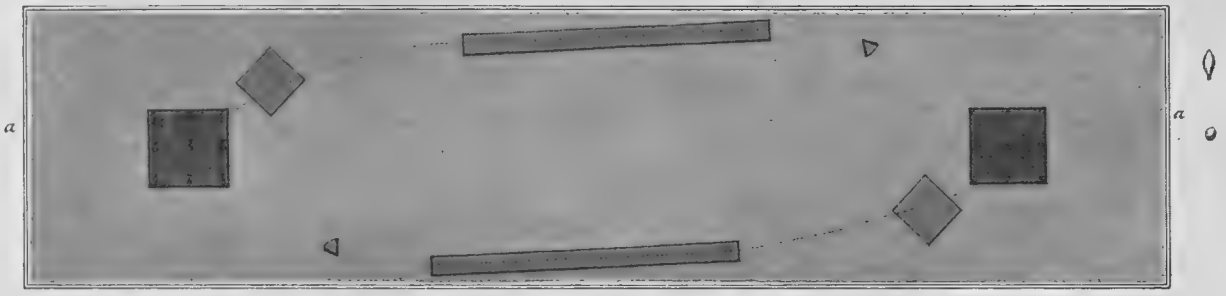
MR. A. A. MILNE has joined the ranks of the novelists, and, deserting his delectable children, has written his first novel, *Two People* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Naturally, the book has all Mr. Milne's whimsicality; his happy talent for writing about odd people just as if they were ordinary, everyday folk. You enjoy it; it amuses you, but somehow at the end you are left with an impression of unreality. It is the story of a happy married couple set against a background of bee-keeping, gardening, and country neighbours. The husband writes a best-seller. But is Mr. Milne justified, I wonder, in these days, in his portrait of Mr. Pump, the publisher? Such harpies, we know, did exist, but nowadays, surely, the type has disappeared. However, although the sentimentality sometimes becomes a little cloying, it is a diverting book.

ANOTHER dramatist who has seized the novelist's pen is Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End*. He has given us *The Fortnight in September* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and in doing so has dispelled the belief that there is no interest for novel-readers in the humdrum existence of a City clerk. The Stevens live at Dulwich, and every September the father and mother and three children go to Bognor Regis for a fortnight. Each year they go to the same lodgings, and do precisely the same things day after day. Mr. Sherriff's book is concerned wholly with that fortnight, and he tells us all about it in a way which gives the reader thrills which the Stevens family itself never experienced. Nothing happens. The Stevens family returns to Dulwich and its humdrum doings, but by the time they get to the railway station you know them all intimately and are sorry to part with them, thanks to Mr. Sherriff's skill.

IT is not probable that *Results of an Accident* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Vicki Baum, will achieve the success of her *Grand Hotel*, because it is on a smaller canvas and not cosmopolitan. But as a story, and a study in characters and temperaments, it is equally as good as its widely read predecessor. A financial magnate, a celebrated cinema star, and a handsome middle-weight boxing champion have a motor accident close to a remote little German town. That accident has a curious effect upon the leading people of the place, more particularly upon the doctor's wife, a touching and pathetic figure. The translation from the original German has been admirably done by Miss Margaret Goldsmith. A remarkably good novel this, which everybody should read.

A View of a SKITTLE GROUND

Published as the Act directs by G. Kearsley in Fleet Street London, July 14th 1786.



Plan of a double Skittle Ground

Life is, unfortunately, not all GUINNESS and SKITTLES

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.169.

FLYING NOTES

One of the Ford air liners sold to Spain, equipped with night lights and ready for a test flight, at the company's aerodrome near Arundel, Sussex. There is a distinct probability that Ford machines will be manufactured over here in the near future to avoid the unfavourable rate of exchange

ACCIDENTS—SOME CAUSES AND CURES

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Crazy Flying!

A NAME given to stunting near the ground when considerable liberties are taken with the controls, and, in fact, the machine appears to be in charge of a "drunk." This sort of flying is a regular feature at the R.A.F. Display, and is staged for the amusement of the multitude, but its success calls for a very high degree of skill, and it can be performed only with certain types of machine. There is also crazy flying which ought to be stopped by law, such as stunting low over private property, chasing trains or motor cars, and flying under bridges. This sort of thing is fun only for the lunatic in the pilot's seat and the few innocent onlookers who don't realise the risks that are being taken. A few weeks ago someone flew under Westminster Bridge, and to judge from news paragraphs and pictures this was undertaken solely for personal publicity. Although a skilful pilot could repeat this escapade, there are many people who would crash in attempting it, and it seems high time that the law against this sort of thing was enforced. Ever since Gordon Bell flew through the balloon shed at Farnborough there have been pilots who couldn't go in the air without trying some crazy stunt. Compulsory third party insurance might act as a useful damper. I was sorry to see that such an authority as Prince George Bibesco should recommend at an international air conference that pilots of tourist 'planes be exempt from an annual medical test. It seems most desirable that only fit people should be in charge of aircraft if we are going to reduce accidents and make flying really popular. Incidentally, Captain Lamplugh's lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society on the 29th of this month is one of the most important of the season. There is no better authority on accidents and their prevention than "Lamps," in whose books nearly all flying machines and pilots throughout the world have some place in the course of their career.

Students at work rigging an aeroplane during their course of tuition at the College of Aeronautical Engineering, Chelsea, which is one of the first of its kind in the world. The college is intended to provide an aeronautical training for young men who wish to make their careers in the technical posts of aviation

Privately Owned

A GLANCE at the latest list of private owners reveals the wide range of machines in use over here. Mr. Francis Francis has a six-seater flying boat, the Saro "Windover," built by the same firm, Saunders Roe, which constructed the military flying boat that made a non-stop flight from Gibraltar to Plymouth recently. Mr. O. S. Baker and Mr. Charles Coombes are owners of two-seater Spartans, the former's being a seaplane. One of the outstanding successes of Captain Charles Barnard's "circus" was the Spartan three-seater, which proved most efficient for joy-riding and was very popular with the crowd. Three of these machines are on their way to South Africa as part of a fleet which will tour the Union, giving demonstrations and carrying passengers. There is a smart Hendy 302 monoplane at Croydon, owned by Mr. W. S. Cottingham, and the Monospar three-seater is another type which is often to be seen in the air at the London airport.

The Monospar

FLIGHT-LIEUT. SCHOFIELD, who used to be at Hanworth with N.F.S., is the test pilot conducting the trials of the Monospar, and I hear that this machine is likely to prove a winner, not necessarily in the racing class, although it does its hundred miles an hour with two little Salmson engines of 45 h.p. each, but as an economical load carrier which will definitely fly on either engine alone. If this facility can be incorporated in larger machines the new wing is a tremendous advance on anything of this nature produced during the past ten years. Anthony Fokker is very interested in the wing for application to his own machines, and has made flights in the experimental "Monospar" at Croydon.

A Club for Wiltshire

MR. DORAN WEBB, with the help of the Robinson "Redwing" people and the County Hotel, Salisbury, has started a club for Wiltshire at Middle Rumford. The aerodrome, known as High Post, is within easy reach of Salisbury, around which there is ideal country for flying instruction. The club has ordered a "Redwing," and has secured another on loan, the pilot in charge being Mr. Edmund Hordern. Of the hundred odd founder members, nearly all are of the useful type who want to fly. The Yorkshire club, one of the N.F.S. group, has moved to Yeadon, which is also to be a principal airport for Leeds and Bradford.

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SHOOTING NOTES

AGRICULTURE Cries for EMPIRE FREE TRADE

By "CLODHOPPER"

WHEN shooting at Saltfleet last week, I had a most interesting confab. with a widely travelled Virginian tobacco planter who has "come over" to hunt with one of the Lincolnshire packs this season. Having discussed the effect of the financial situation upon British field sports and agriculture, the Southerner said: "The reason why so many of your shooting-lodges and hunting-boxes are without tenants is mainly due to the fact that the Old Country has for so long been the fairy godmother to the rest of the world, and the free dumping-ground for the superfluous products of every civilised country under the sun, that all the world and his wife had learned to believe that the resources and credit of the British Empire were illimitable. In other words, she has, like an unwise trader, been laying out two shillings for every single shilling received, and has at length come a bit of a cropper.

"BUT," added this far-sighted, broad-minded American sportsman, "if your statesmen have sufficient courage and patriotism to follow the lead of Lord Beaverbrook towards full agricultural and industrial tariffs and a united Empire, not only will Great Britain again take her old and rightful place as head of the nations, but farming and trade of every description will go ahead like lead out of a machine-gun. In regard to the slump in your field sports, well, get the good ship Empire Free Trade launched during the coming General Election, and I'll lay a hundred dollars to a red cent there won't be a grouse moor or a deer forest going a-begging a couple of seasons hence."

SO seldom does one hear a son of Uncle Sam utter a word in favour of any country than that of "Gawd's own," that I make no excuse for quoting what was undoubtedly the carefully considered and perfectly honest opinion of a highly intellectual American regarding the future fortunes of Great Britain and her Dominions if adequately protected against free foreign dumping by Empire Free Trade.

I MUST confess to having no great love for either politicians or politics. Living as I do in the heart of agricultural England, I know only too well how scurvily landowners and farmers have been served by all parties ever since the War. I have also realised—and, incidentally, written on the subject—for the past three or more years that, unless our agriculturalists received solid protection of some kind from the untaxed alien producer, they would inevitably be smashed, lock, stock, and barrel, and their arables become wastes of couch-grass and thistles.

THE recent belated, rain-ruined hay and corn harvest hastened on the "inevitable" to hundreds of worthy husbandmen, and passing sad is their present plight. But, even so, the vast majority of them are carrying on bravely in the hope that the General Election, on Tuesday next, will lead to the adoption of at least satisfactory protective tariffs, the restoration of agriculture, and brighter days for the whole countryside.

ONE thing is absolutely certain: Candidates who declare themselves to be whole-hearted Protectionists will secure the vote of every individual landowner, farmer, and sportsman throughout the agricultural constituencies. On the other hand, we countryfolk have no earthly use for those weak-kneed Little Englanders, the Free Trade Liberals, and less still for the Communistic species of vermin who, having "scuttled" the ship, would, with the characteristic instinct of the rat tribe, leave it to sink.

THE coming General Election will be a vital one for the future prosperity of the Empire. But I believe that even the most unsophisticated of bucolic electors realise that we are up against a national emergency of so grave a nature that it can be dealt with successfully only by unified National Government. I may add that the great number of these good people (I refer more particularly to the "Midlanders") declare that the dark cloud of despondency and bankruptcy which overshadows farming and rural industries generally would soon be dispersed by adequate tariffs.

ALTHOUGH we may have every confidence that all will go *well* with our country, let not one of us forget that it is our bounden duty to record our votes in favour of a National Government. I am sufficiently optimistic to predict that the result of the General Election will prove to be a strong working majority for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his patriotic retinue. But may their slogan be "EMPIRE FREE TRADE."

Countess Howe at the Retriever Trials held last week at Willbury Park, near Salisbury. In the foreground is seen her retriever, Banchory Becky, the winner of two first prizes

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SECOND-HAND GUNS, A SUGGESTION.

A GUNMAKER correspondent has drawn attention to a problem in acute need of solution. It is how to liquidate the large stock of second-hand guns on offer at much below the customary prices, yet leaving would-be purchasers cold. Discovery of the merits of short barrels has put them on the shelf, where, by all indications, they appear likely to remain. My solution is a simple one, namely, to shorten the barrels of all that are suitable for the treatment so as to provide an ample selection for every dimension of user. The fact has been widely published that a shooter's own gun will not be a success when so curtailed, because the charge of shot will travel a different course. That course may just suit another shooter, but not the person for whom the stock dimensions were devised. There is one snag in the suggestion—fortunately more imaginary than real. In nearly every instance the choke will disappear, but as I advocated and used true cylinders for many years, and so far from finding them limited in range was astonished at their efficiency for really long shots the absence of choke is no disadvantage. For the generality of driven game I remain convinced that cylinders are better than any degree of choke. However, since there are many who want to try short barrel guns without definitely committing themselves what could be better than to make the test with converted specimens, to be tried first at the shooting ground and later at the real thing on terms to be arranged?

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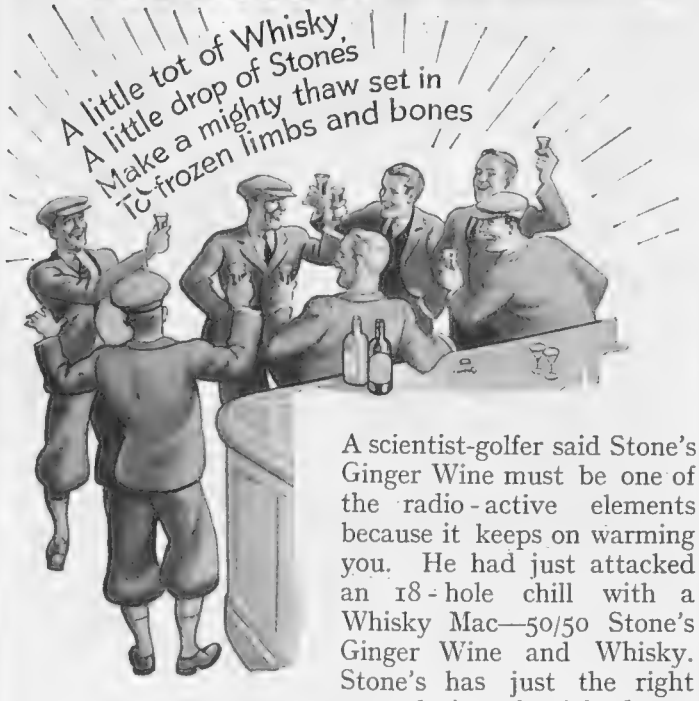
CHORUS *at the "nineteenth"*



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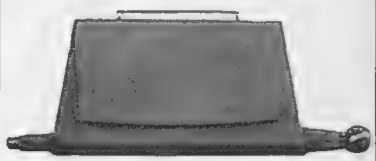

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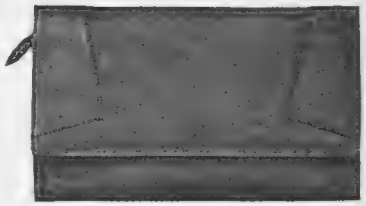

Real **MOROCCO POUCHETTE,** lined silk, fitted with inner "Zip pocket," purse and mirror All colours. **BRITISH.** **15/9**

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For Personal Service

DOGS

So Much for Shows

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THE Kennel Club show was very well attended; even people who were dogless turned up to see their friends. The K.C. show is the biggest and most "social" of all the shows, for it is held in the Crystal Palace, which is large and comfortable, and a win there means more than at any other show.

THERE were two outstanding "heroines"—Fay, the little whippet, belonging to Mr. Harries-Jones, that he bought in a sadler's shop, and who yesterday became a full champion; and Shene of Peak Hill, one of the most beautiful Alsatians ever bred. When she appears, no other bitch has a chance, for she is literally "in a class by herself." She was bred by an almost unknown breeder, which is interesting and which also goes to prove that it is not always the largest kennels with the best opportunities which produce the "goods."

THERE was once an Alsatian called "Caro of Welham" that in his day was also unbeatable; he was picked up by a man who liked the look of him, although he was thin and miserable. Caro made Alsatian history, and this bitch, Shene, is a better bitch than Caro was a dog.

IN all breeds there are just a few outstanding names, and these dogs are known far and wide and are household words even amongst breeders of other kinds. Look at Mick the Miller; everybody has heard of him. Then there is Lucky Star of Ware, there was Ch. Choomnam Brilliantine, the chow, and Ch. Banchory Bolo, the world-famed Labrador. Of all these, Ch. Banchory Bolo stands highest in the rôle of fame, because he was a working Ch. as well as a beauty champion, and also because he proved his worth as a sire and handed on his looks and his brains to his descendants. Few dogs and bitches possess that elusive and wonderful power of reproducing themselves in their progeny, and without it they are merely a passing pleasure, nothing more than the ripple of a scented summer breeze across the grass.

Sunset of Gladeland, a champion Irish Setter, which has won ninety first prizes including numerous specials, firsts, and a challenge certificate. He is owned by Councillor W. O'Bolger, of Peckham

THERE are dogs who live in history who have never seen the inside of a beauty ring; Baldo, which was the hero of the dash to Nome with serum to save the small-pox stricken population. He was a sledge dog of the far north, and these dogs carry a man's life every time they go out. There was the well-known St. Bernard, which saved so many travellers' lives in Switzerland; his name was Barry. No doubt a good many legends gathered around his name, still he must have been a remarkable dog.

ON the whole, the show dogs are not worth a hayseed compared with the working dogs, and their fame is much less long-lived. It is nice to own a good show dog, but it is nothing compared with the pleasure and pride of owning an animal that can work for its living, or, at least, can do the work for which it was intended. Let the collie herd sheep, the husky prove an efficient lead-dog, the fox terrier go to ground, the gun-dog perform its duties with the guns, and the Alsatian be qualified as an Army dog, or a police dog, or a Red Cross dog.

THE pleasures of the showring are very short-lived, and you are at the mercy of the judges who, although they may be perfectly honest, are very often extremely incompetent. Work is always its own reward.

5d. to see how pleased he'll be!

For it only costs fivepence to buy a bag of Spillers Shapes. And in every bag there are biscuits of four shapes and flavours—WHEATMEAL, crisp for his teeth, SUPER—the vitamin biscuit for strength. FRUIT—with real fruit for the digestion. And GINGER—the appetiser, the canine cocktail!

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All athletes like Wright's. They like its clean, healthy "open-air" smell. They respect it for the good it does them.

Germs simply can't exist where Wright's is used. It is the double purpose soap—does all that soap can do—protects the skin and protects health.

Use it always.

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BIG REDUCTIONS IN NEW TYRES

45% less than other makes.

TYRES DISPATCHED CARRIAGE PAID.

Extract from THE EVENING STANDARD, Monday, July 27th, 1931.

"WATCH YOUR WORN TYRES."

"Motorists are warned that if their tyres are thin they should renew them at once, and save a fine which may amount to £10 for a first offence.

"Among the many regulations under the Road Traffic Act is one which enables a policeman to summon a motorist for driving a car with worn or smooth tread tyres.

"An official of the R.A.C. said to-day: 'Recent cases of car owners being fined under the new regulations for driving on worn tyres show that the motoring public are not generally aware of the regulation.'"

SPECIMEN PRICES OF BAL-LON-ETTE TYRES.

Size	£ s. d.	Size	£ s. d.	Size	£ s. d.
26×3.50	1 0 6	31×4.95	1 17 0	700×80/85	1 0 0
27×4.00	1 3 0	28×5.25	1 7 9	710×90	1 3 6
27×4.40	1 8 6	29×5.25	1 17 0	760×90	1 5 0
29×4.50	1 10 6	30×5.25	1 19 6	810×90	1 7 8
28×4.40	1 10 6	31×5.25	2 0 9	765×105	1 11 10
30×4.50	1 11 6	32×5.25	2 2 3	815×105	1 14 6
29×4.40	1 11 6	29×5.50	2 0 9	26×3½	1 4 6
31×4.40	1 12 0	30×5.50	2 3 0	31×4	1 14 6
28×4.75	1 8 0	30×6.00	2 7 9	32×4½	1 14 6
29×4.75	1 14 0	31×6.00	2 9 6	33×4½	2 10 6
30×4.75	1 16 0	32×6.00	2 9 6	30×5	3 2 8
29×5.00	1 12 6	30×5.77	2 5 0	33×5	3 10 0
28×4.95	1 11 6	33×6.00	2 10 0	11×45	1 4 0
30×5.00	1 16 3	33×5.77	2 11 3	12×45	1 8 0
29×4.95	1 15 0	32×6.50	3 0 6	13×45	1 12 9
31×5.00	1 18 0	32×6.20	2 13 0	14×45	1 14 6
30×4.95	1 15 9	32×6.75	2 15 3	14×50	1 17 0
32×5.00	2 0 6	33×6.75	3 2 3	15×50	2 13 0
				17×50	2 17 6

ALMAGAM TYRE REBUILDING

GUARANTEED 8,000 MILES.

100% SERVICE—at less than 50% COST

Size.	Price. £ s. d.	Size.	Price. £ s. d.
26×3.50	0 16 8	29×3½	0 19 6
27×4.40	0 18 6	31×4	1 7 4
29×4.40	1 2 3	32×4½	2 1 8
30×4.50	1 6 4	30×5	2 13 8
28×4.75	1 1 0	33×5	3 1 0
29×4.75	1 6 4	4½×20	1 11 0
30×4.75	1 6 10	4½×21	1 6 10
28×4.95	1 4 0	5½×21	1 17 0
29×4.95	1 7 9	6½×23	3 7 6
30×4.95	1 7 9	700×80/85	0 16 8
31×4.95	1 8 8	710×90	0 18 6
29×5.00	1 5 6	760×90	1 0 0
30×5.00	1 9 3	765×105	1 6 10
31×5.00	1 11 0	815×105	1 9 2
32×5.00	1 13 4	820×120	1 15 2
28×5.25	1 7 9	820×135	2 3 6
29×5.25	1 10 6	835×135	2 11 10
30×5.25	1 12 6	895×135	2 14 0
31×5.25	1 13 9	715×115	0 18 6
32×5.25	1 15 3	730×130	1 4 0
29×5.50	1 13 9	775×145	1 12 5
GIANT TYRES.		**SAFETY TYRES.**	
32×6	3 14 0	11×45	0 19 0
34×7	4 5 6	12×45	1 2 8
36×6	4 10 8	14×50	1 12 0
34×7.30	4 12 6	15×50	2 0 9
		16×50	2 8 0

48,000 miles. **TESTIMONIAL.** **Plymouth.**

Dear Sirs,
Will you kindly quote me price of your "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres (covers only) for my Riley touring car.
I had your tyres fitted at purchase in June, 1924, and since then have covered some **48,000 miles.**
Yours very sincerely (Signed) LESLIE F. TAYLOR.

Send any make of tyre for rebuilding to our Works, ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN, HERTS. *Telephone :* Harpenden 86.

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HEAD OFFICE : 172, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON. *Telephone :* Museum 8130-1.

BAYSWATER DEPOT : 56, QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER. (Opp. Amateur Dancers' Club.) *Tel. :* Park 4170.

100, VICTORIA STREET, BRISTOL. *Telephone :* Bristol 2536.

38, GREY ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. *Telephone :* Central 23966.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LTD.

A view of the tenth green at Worplesdon during the thirty-six holes final of the Mixed Foursomes competition last week. The Hon. Michael Scott, who partnered Miss Joyce Wethered against Miss Doris Park and Mr. Stuart Forsyth, is seen putting

GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

"Good gracious, you can't play here!" These were the words with which the steward of a well-known club, situated very near Worplesdon, greeted us when we went there for a round after seeing something of the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. We had explained that we were, by arrangement, meeting one of the best-known writers of golf who was introduced by a leading member of this particular club. We informed him that we were all writers on golf and had heard so much about the course that we were anxious to sample its delights. We were not gate-crashers, and were not attempting to evade payment of the green fees. Eventually the secretary came out and informed us that we could not play, but, "anyhow, there was a competition on, so that it was impossible."

* * *

We had surveyed the land; there were only two players anywhere in sight, so even this sounded a little far-fetched. We were perfectly innocent, and had either of the officials taken the trouble to explain that their rules were very strict on this point, and, much as they regretted it, they were compelled to refuse, we should not have minded in the least. As it was, we simply asked if we might use their telephone, which, to our surprise, we were permitted to do, and arranged to go over to West Hill, where our greeting was just as cordial as it was the reverse here. It is really most regrettable that such lack of civility should be meted out to visitors, but fortunately it is not general. The club in question is the Woking Golf Club.

* * *

Two new courses were opened last week; the third eighteen-hole course at Wentworth is expected by many to prove, in time to come, one of the best in the country, it certainly is most difficult at present, and one for the long driver. It measures 6,459 yards, and some of the "carries" are terrifying to the normal player. Perhaps it is the right plan to lay out a course on this awe-inspiring scale, and then gradually tone it down in length and, by removing sundry bunkers, make it less difficult; but just at first it makes golf rather hard work, as one could judge by the remarks of some of those who played over it.

Miss Joyce Wethered driving during the final of the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon last week. She and her partner, the Hon. Michael Scott, beat Miss Doris Park and Mr. Stuart Forsyth by four and three, thus registering her fifth victory in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes

For the opening, a number of well-known amateurs assembled at Wentworth, where there is such a delightful club-house. Rex Hartley, who had the Prince of Wales as a partner, went round the new course in 79, and the East course in 70, giving him an aggregate of 149, which won the 36 holes scratch prize. Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward was second with 155, and gained the scratch prize for the new course.

* * *

Of quite a different calibre is the new course at the R.A.C. Country Club; this is a short course measuring only 5,315 yards. It has been laid out by Lt.-Col. C. W. Myddleton (the chairman of the R.A.C. Golf Committee), Sir Arthur Stanley, the president of the club, told us, in a charming little speech following an excellent lunch (at which the most popular dish was Lancashire hot pot made from Sir Arthur's own recipe), that Colonel Myddleton had saved the club thousands of pounds, and had extended the old nine-hole course in such a way that members were able to play over it the whole time the new one was under construction. He made the gallant Colonel a presentation of a very fine wrist-watch to mark the appreciation of the members. Col. J. Sealy Clarke (chairman of the Country Club Committee) and Colonel Myddleton then proceeded to drive from the first tee; perhaps Lancashire hot pot was not good for the former, as his tee shot did not entail much running or scrambling on the part of the caddie who retrieved it and collected a golden sovereign into the bargain. I think this caddie was too lazy to line up with the others, and just chanced to be nearest the ball as he was to the tee.

* * *

Col. Myddleton, with rather a set face, then faced the mob of caddies, whom I noticed had promptly doubled much farther down the fairway; a beautiful swing, a clean hit, and away flew the ball to the far end of the fairway (the first is a dog-legged hole); it must have been well over 250 yards. The fortunate caddie in this case was one who caddied regularly for the redoubtable driver, and evidently he know where to stand. His confidence was not misplaced. I am told he will not part with his sovereign, but intends to wear it on a watch-chain. Wise man! He no doubt knows that one will soon be forthcoming worthy to carry such a token.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Tunbridge*

FASHIONABLE EVENING FROCKS

Variety is a very important feature of Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., autumn collection. The graceful chef d'œuvre on the left is of velvet, and the clever draperies at the back are worthy of study. The other model is of pale hydrangea blue taffeta enriched with miniature frills, with frayed edges and steel buttons

HATS of FELT, COAT FROCKS and GUARDS COATS in Pilot Cloth

The Wearing of the Hat

THERE has been so much discussion regarding the correct way of wearing the autumn hats that Margot has sketched on this page three hats from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., showing the right and the wrong way of wearing them. They are all of felt; the one at the top is ornamented with a large taffeta bow, the one below is outlined with miniature balls of felt, while a feather fantaisie is introduced in the one on the right. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm make a feature of smart headgear for 10s., 20s., and 30s. Naturally, the hats pictured are more expensive. Some typical examples of these appear in the illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent on application.

A Troublesome Problem Solved

EMILE, that well-known artist in hair, of 24, Conduit Street, is specialising in arranging the coiffure to harmonise with the angle at which the autumn hats must be worn in order that they may add to the smartness of the ensemble. Sometimes half the head is revealed. Other illustrations on this page show two ways in which this may be accomplished. Women who want to let their hair grow becomingly must visit these salons, as by a clever arrangement they curl the hair at the back in such a way that it does not become disarranged; it extends to the edge of the hat. A fact that is not nearly as well known as it should be is that Emile makes a feature of beauty culture. The prices which prevail are exceptionally moderate, success ever attending the treatments and the use of the preparations.

Emile, 24, Conduit Street, is one of fashion's favourite henchmen, as he always works in unison with the milliner, a by no means easy task at this date in the calendar

Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., are showing the smartest of smart hats; their charm is lost unless they be worn at the correct angle, therefore "Margot" has depicted on this page the right and the wrong way of arranging them. They are all of felt

The Coat Frock

THE coat frock has an assured position in Fashion's calendar; it is one of those useful affairs that are admirable backgrounds for fur stoles, and at the same time may be worn under a fur or other wrap coat. Particularly smart are those carried out in one of the new wool fabrics with basque, cuffs and collar of fur cloth. Some are cut with a "V" opening, are reinforced with a lingerie vest, and flanked with revers to match. It is seldom that the hip yoke is absent, subsequent fullness taking the form of box, inverted, and other pleats. Furthermore, these frocks are expressed in knit-wear fabrics, showing tweed and other designs.

The Guards Coat

COATS of the Guards character have come into their own; they are never trimmed with fur. Usually they are of tweed or camel-hair cloth with flattening collars, narrow belts and patch pockets. Dark blue or brown pilot cloth is also used for their fashioning, metal buttons being introduced with discretion. Some of the tweed coats have very high fur-trimmed collars with a single rever which crosses over and terminates at the waist; this is becoming to the woman of generous proportions.

Mena Village and the Great Pyramid, near Cairo.

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A 27 DAYS' TOUR
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£80 . 10s.

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Cheaper Tickets for Second-Class accommodation are also available, and Nile Trips can be arranged in connection with the Combined Tickets.

—during **November, December and January** when the climate is ideal. Travel independently, luxuriously, with combined tickets at **fully inclusive special rates for the return journey,** comprising first-class Sea Passage, first-class Railway Travel, Meals in Restaurant Cars. Sleeping berths fitted luxuriously with every convenience. Full accommodation, meals and gratuities at the Leading Hotels. The journey can be made from **Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice or Trieste** by the steamship services of the **"P. & O.," "Orient," "Messageries Maritimes," "Sitmar" or "Lloyd Triestino"** to Alexandria or Port Said, thence by the Egyptian State Railways to **Cairo, Luxor and Assuan.**

Combined Tickets, Illustrated Brochure and further information may be obtained from
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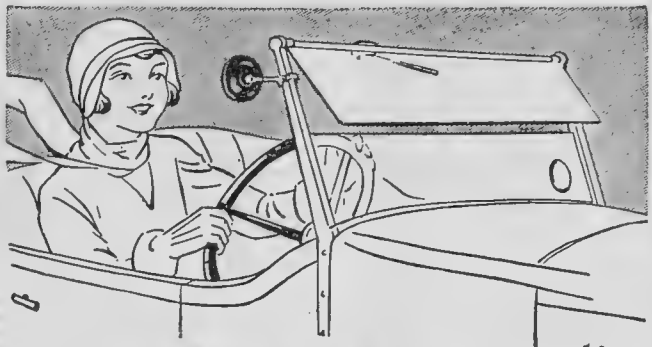

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A BOON TO MOTORISTS AFTER EXPOSURE TO WIND AND DUST

Many a fair motorist pays willing tribute to the value of Larola. It is just the thing for hands which must grip the wheel when wintry blasts threaten to cause redness and chapping. It also keeps the face fresh, clear and free from roughness and affords certain protection under all weather conditions. Get this All-British lotion . . . . Try it on face and hands . . . . You will find it both soothing and refreshing.

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint.
Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.

From all Chemists and Stores or post free direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

They're Exquisite

Ladies particularly are charmed with the delicate flavour and fragrance of this pure Virginia Cork Tipped Cigarette

PLAYER'S BACHELOR CORK TIPS

Better Smoke Bachelors

10 for 6d.
20 for 1s.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

B.73 D

MOTOR NOTES

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SHOW

Mr. J. A. Mollison (left) and Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith photographed shortly after the latter's arrival in London. They are talking to Miss Jean Batten, the New Zealand airwoman, a studio portrait of whom appears in our frontispiece, seen at the wheel of a Triumph Scorpion. Her passenger is Lady Chaytor

By E. M. Wright

NOTHING has so impressed me at this year's Show as the profusion and the excellence of the small cars. They are to be found everywhere. In both the Grand Hall and in the National Hall stand after stand has its glittering array of four- and six-cylinder models, that are cheap only in the sense that they cost little to buy and little to run. Olympia has long since ceased to be a Show for the eclectic few who delight in abstruse mechanical details. Its appeal is universal. But never at any time has it been so much a Show for the million as it is this year. The man whom our makers seek to attract to-day is the man hard hit by salary cuts and rising costs. Economy is the motif of this year's Show—economy and unparalleled value for money.

***

I AM fully alive to the excellence of the big car, and to the many improvements which have this year been introduced, and in praising the smaller cars I do not in any way wish to overlook bigger types. I can say of them, as I can say of smaller cars, that Olympia never offered better value. You get what you pay for, and the car which costs over £2,000 to buy represents as good value for money as one which sells for under £100. There are comparatively few brand-new models, but everywhere there is an increase in refinement, an increase in comfort, and in many cases a considerable decrease in cost.

NEVERTHELESS, there is no escaping the fact that the large cars are eclipsed this year by smaller, less expensive, economy types. Most of the definitely new models introduced this year are rated at less than 16 h.p., and the greatest development of the year is unquestionably the increase in the comfort, refinement, and the performance of cars costing well under £200. There was a time when a sharp distinction could be drawn between the small car and the big car. Nowadays, all that distinguishes them is the difference in size.

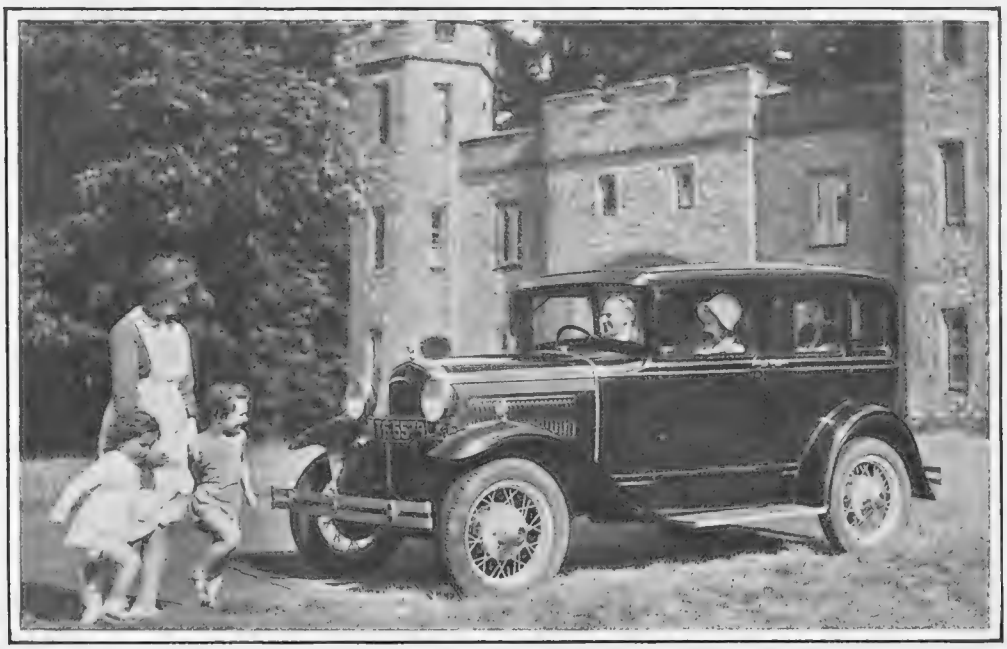
***

WHEN the first "baby" car appeared on the market it was greeted almost with derision. It was the butt of a hundred jokes in this country and abroad. We laughed at the baby, but we soon learnt its value. America laughed at our small cars and clung to the belief that they were nothing but playthings, as short-lived as the gimcrack nursery toys that fill our shops at Christmastime. They will fail, said the wiseacres of Detroit, even in Great Britain, and they will never sell abroad. Such cars will never stand up to the work. They will fall to pieces in a year or two. America was wrong and we were right. For years our critics abroad demanded colonial models, but the most successful colonial model we have produced has proved to be a type of car originally designed to defeat a ridiculous taxation system peculiar only to this country. The cars we are selling abroad are those small high-efficiency cars which the world imagined it did not want.

***

THE Austin Seven, the first of the baby cars to appear on the market, is to-day as well known in Europe (under different names) as it is in this country, whilst it is significant, indeed, that an American version of this little car is now being produced in huge quantities. It is equally significant that

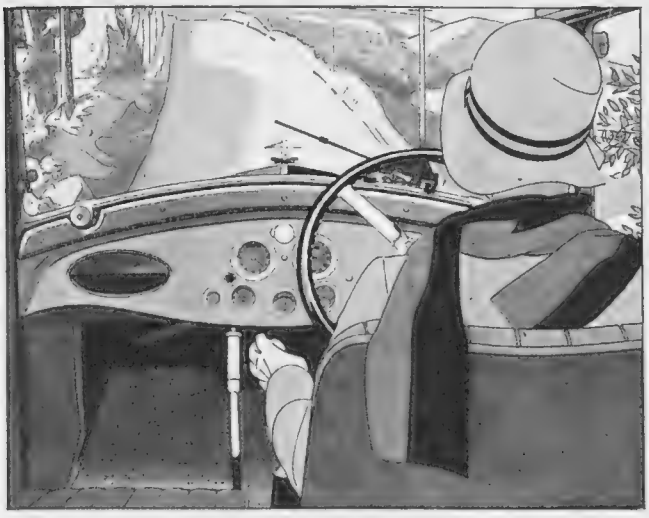
(Continued on page iv)



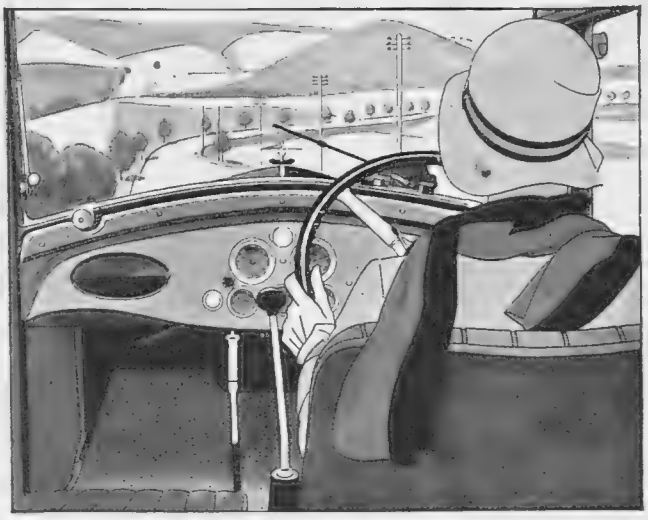
IN SUNNY SUSSEX

A Fordor de Luxe Sunshine Saloon outside Arundel Castle, the historic family seat of the Duke of Norfolk. This delightful Ford model is priced at £225

You never make a bad gear-change



"Now with ordinary gears I should rush this hill in top; but there's no need for that with Synchro-Mesh —the gear-change is so easy."



"Wish Dad had been here! I was never able to change so quietly on any other car. And thank heavens for a noiseless second gear."

. . . on the new Vauxhall Cadet

GEAR-CHANGING is child's-play now in the Vauxhall Cadet, with its new Synchro-Mesh Gears. No double declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no pause in neutral, no noise. *You never need make a bad gear-change,* either up or down. And the new second gear is as silent as top!

Other new improvements include safety-glass all round, improved wire wheels with large hubs and chromium hubcaps, full rubber mounting for engine and rear axle, dual automatic and hand ignition control, and 12-volt electrical equipment.

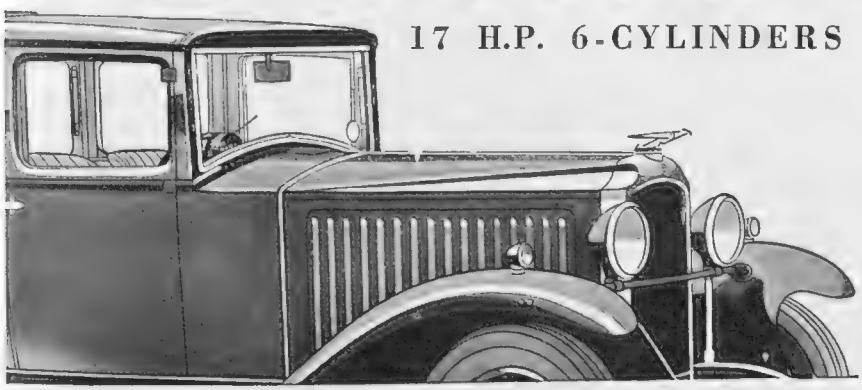
Take a trial run in the new Vauxhall Cadet and see for yourself what a difference Synchro-Mesh makes to your driving. Ask any dealer for the Vauxhall Cadet catalogue; or write to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N W-9.

BRITISH

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGING (SYNCHRO-MESH) AND SILENT SECOND GEAR

VAUXHALL CADET

17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS



4-DOOR SALOON (*Ex Works, Hendon*). £285

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra

Two and Four-light sliding-roof Coupés £295
Romney Drop-head Coupé £325
Tickford all-weather Saloon £325

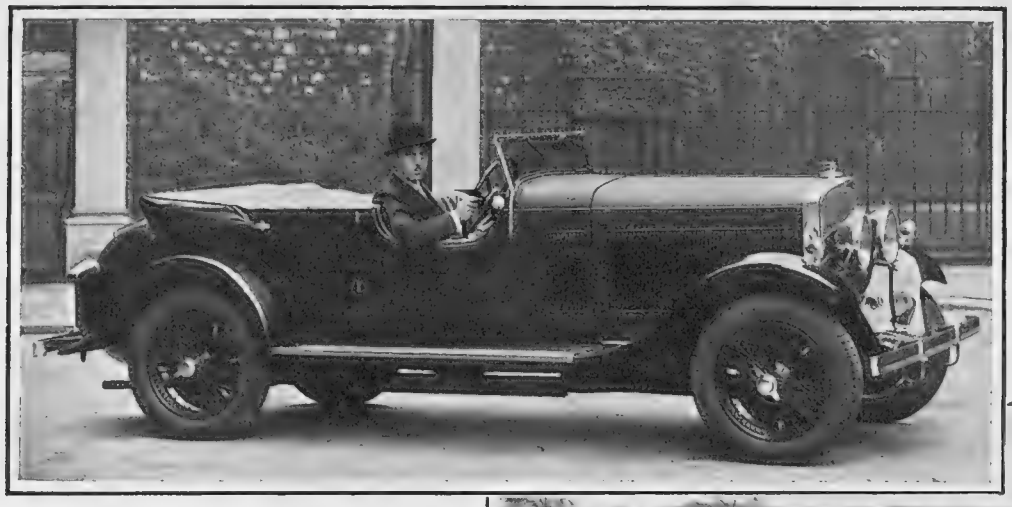
There is a special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

✣

For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

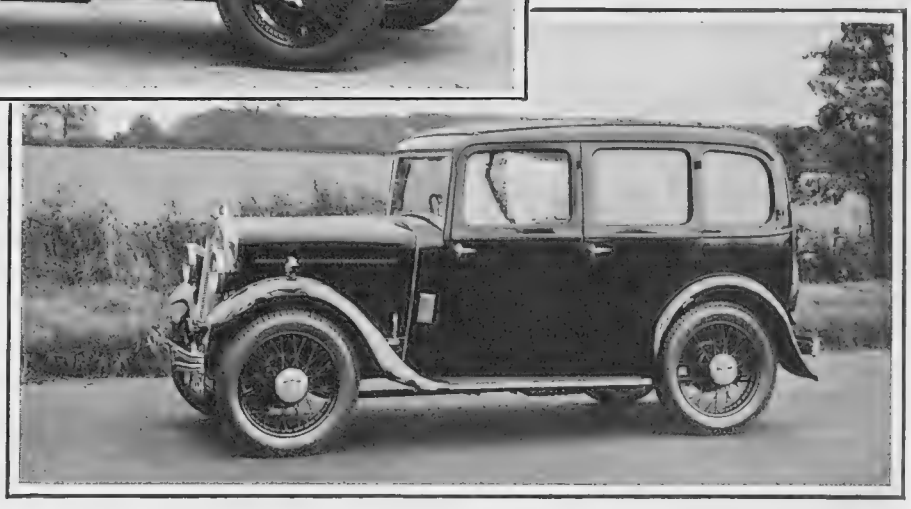


Major Harold Huth, with his new "90" Model Talbot, which was supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd. He was a director of this firm for some considerable time, and handled the sales before starting on his most successful stage and screen career

both in this country and on the Continent makers are everywhere turning their attention to the small car—not necessarily baby cars, but light economy cars of moderate horse-power.

***

THE demand for such vehicles has been steadily growing for years, whilst their quality has steadily improved. In this country the Horse-power Tax remains as much a bogy as ever. A saving in tax appeals only to home buyers, but motorists overseas are beginning to realise that this type of car can save them money, too. True, their taxes are not comparable with our own, but in countries where running costs are high a little car which is as economical to run as it is to buy has a universal appeal. In dozens of reliability trials, over shocking colonial roads, the British light car has shown itself capable of standing up to the most exacting conditions. In the last year or so world-wide economic depression has greatly intensified the demand for small cars. Everywhere motorists must cut their costs. Everywhere they are crying out for just such cars as we produce best.



One of the most interesting cars at Olympia is the four-door six-cylinder Wolseley Hornet seen above. Thanks to clever design this small saloon, costing £198 10 0, can accommodate four six-foot persons in comfort

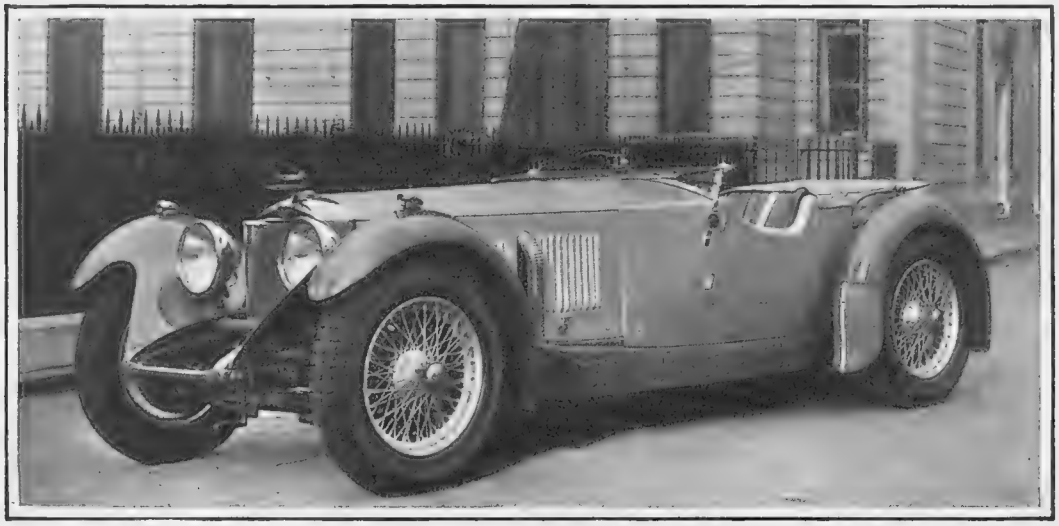
***

THIS is our chance. Stern necessity has compelled us to concentrate the bulk of our production on light cars and baby cars. We have long led the rest of the world, and now, as at no time since the War, we are in a position to satisfy world demand. Even before we went off the gold standard our prices had reached competitive levels. Depreciation of sterling puts us in an even better position. This factor, of course, helps big cars as well as light cars, but in an impoverished world it is the small, cheap car which stands to gain most. To a limited extent we are already able to dump abroad, and it is a novel and by no means unpleasant experience for the British manufacturer to find himself underselling rivals who for years past have waxed fat at his expense.

***

THE "toy car" at which America scoffed has come into its own. There is to-day no question of its reliability, and the years have proved that it can stand hard wear, better, indeed, than many bigger cars. The light car and the baby car of to-day are not merely cheap editions of bigger and more expensive types. They are in no way makeshifts, but are definitely a type of their own. The £100 car, which, after many false alarms, definitely arrived on the market this year, is in all essentials as fully equipped as any large car. For £100 you do not merely get a vehicle, you get a *real car*. It has looks as well as comfort. Perhaps it is a left-handed compliment to say that it is not unique. It is, however, an excellent example of what is available among the least expensive cars on the market to-day.

(Continued on page vi)

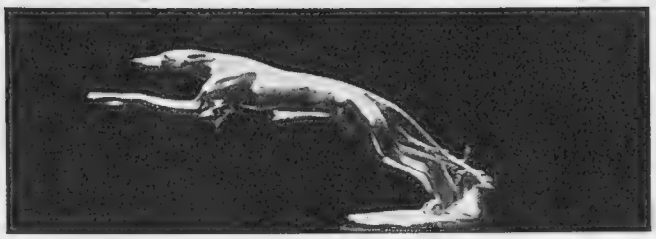


A GIANT OF THE ROAD

A new 100 m.p.h. Invicta chassis It is fitted with a special "He-man" type tourer body by Lancefield Coachworks, Ltd., and costs £1,050.

A Pioneer Motorist,

One of the Expert Judges at the Eastbourne Concours d'Élégance on September 9 last, said "I am ashamed that I have not tried this New LINCOLN before!"



Half an hour at the wheel of it revealed what he had lost, by failing to satisfy himself that the New LINCOLN *had* set up new standards of excellence, in every phase of motor-car performance.

The more you know about fine motor-cars, the more pleased are we to arrange for you to see, try, *drive for yourself*, this New LINCOLN.

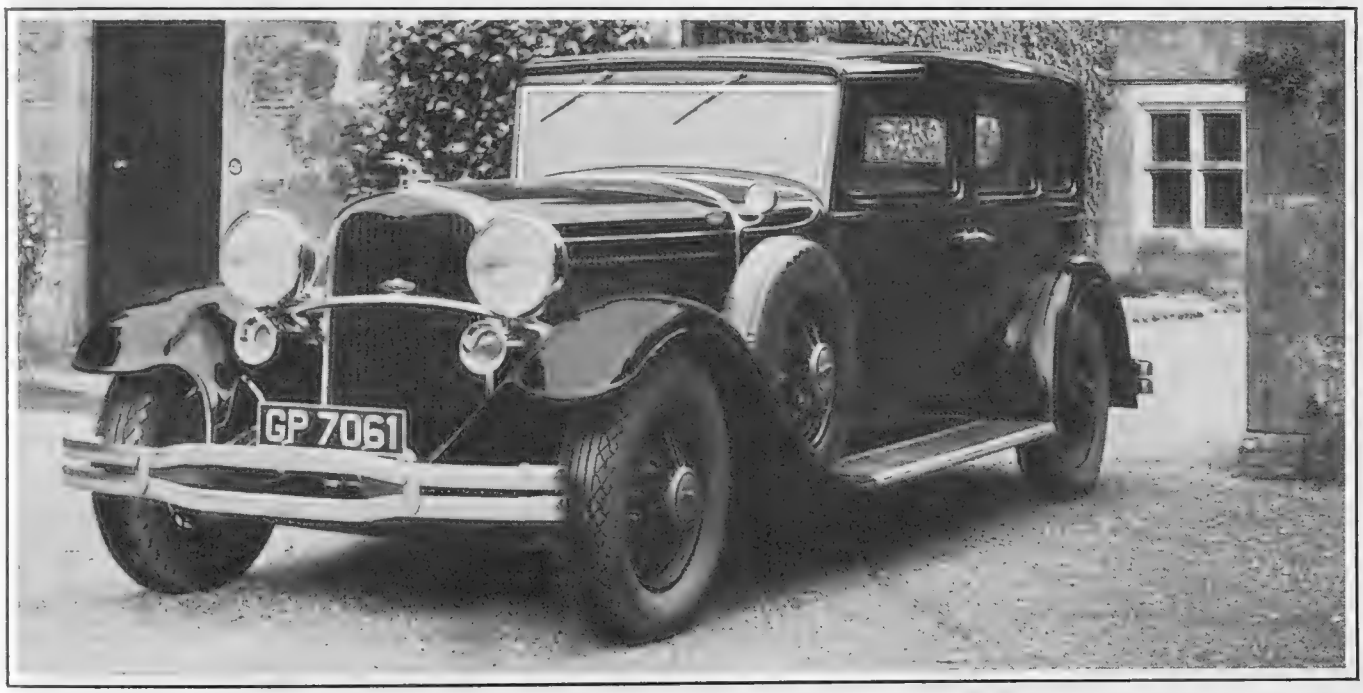
No matter what you value most highly — Power expressed in speed, comfort of the most restful, distance-annihilation which leaves you quite untired at the end of the longest day, or a dignified assertion of real aristocracy of appearance, the New LINCOLN will interest you, please you, command your real, ungrudging appreciation.

May we arrange a really demonstrative trial tomorrow, from your home, your club, your office?

You will not be bothered, harassed, "touted." We are content to let this New LINCOLN do all the importunation that is required.

When shall we say, Sir?

LINCOLN CAR DEPARTMENT — FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
88 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 · · REGENT 7272



★ ★ *the* LINCOLN

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

SEEN AT OLYMPIA

Morris, Stand 111 An interesting addition to the Morris range is the Family Eight, a luxury Baby coming halfway between the Minor and the Cowley; whilst new coupé models are listed on every chassis except the Minor. Ten complete cars, as well as two stripped chassis, are on view at Olympia (Stand No. 111), ranging from the £100 Morris Minor two-seater to the Isis Six saloon, the largest car listed by this concern. Outstanding amongst the chassis improvements introduced this year is the mounting of the petrol tank at the rear on every model, including the Minor, and the standardisation of a twin-top four-speed gear box on all the Sixes. A further important innovation is a choice of engine sizes in the Cowley range. These popular cars can now be had with either a 12 h.p. or a 14/32 h.p. engine, without extra charge. The engine of the Major Six has been redesigned to bring it within the £14 tax limit. Not less important are the improvements which add to the appearance and the comfort of the cars. The radiator on all models has been refitted with "Eddyfree" coachwork to reduce wind resistance.

A NEW ARRIVAL FROM COVENTRY

The new Standard "Little Nine" saloon, which is assured of a hearty welcome. It is priced at £155

Pressed Steel Company of Great Britain, Limited, Stand 71 Both in the carriage-work section and on a number of maker's stands are to be seen attractive examples of pressed-steel bodywork. On the Pressed Steel Company's own stand (No. 71) are three saloon bodies, namely, the new de luxe Harley saloon on the "Twelve-Six" Austin; the Hillman Wizard "75" saloon de luxe, and the de luxe saloon mounted on the 12 h.p. six-cylinder "Pilot" model just introduced by the Rover Company. Each of these bodies is fitted as standard by the respective manufacturers, and is not a special "made to order" type. The Pressed Steel Company are also exhibiting on another stand (No. 276) half-sections of the Wizard body and of the Twelve-Six Harley saloon.

Edward Joy & Sons, Ltd. Stand 378. Messrs. Edward Joy and Sons, Ltd., are exhibiting a full range of "Filtrate" oils and greases. From November 1 every drum containing "Filtrate" oils will be fitted free of charge with a Phillips telescopic tap, a device ensuring safety in transit and simplicity in use.

Special Bodies on Standards. Attractive examples of specialised coachwork on Standard chassis are to be seen on no fewer than four of the coachbuilders' stands. These include an Avon body and a Swallow body, both of which are already well known, whilst William Arnold, of Manchester, and A. P. Compton and Co. are also utilising the excellent range of Standard chassis to show examples of their bodywork.

This Cocktail Book *free*

Herein you will find detailed and definite information that will enable the amateur cocktail-maker to achieve professional results. It gives the requirements and the methods for mixing nearly 70 drinks, including:—

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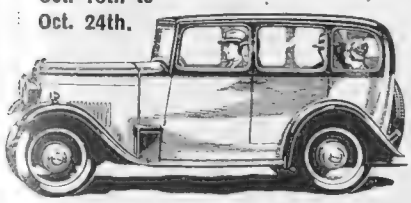

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FRICASSÉE DE HOMARD.

GOULASCH DE VEAU.
CELERI BRAISÉ.

LÈCHE CRÉMA.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Anchois à l'Impériale

PREPARE some croûtons cut in finger lengths slightly hollowed, and lay in each a washed and boned anchovy fillet and flakes of smoked salmon. Garnish with thick mayonnaise sauce and chopped capers.

Fricassée de Homard

PICK all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a pan and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat it all up, but do not let it boil. Serve at once.

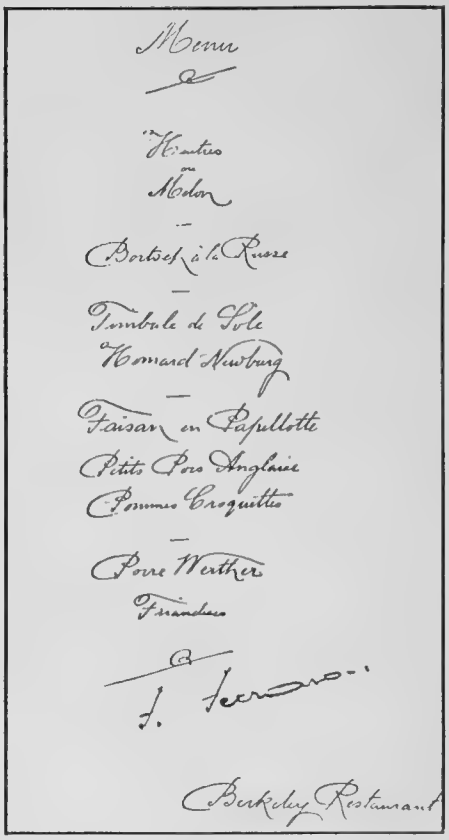
Goulasch de Veau

TAKE about 1 lb. of fillet of veal and cut it into thin slices, then into dice of even size. Peel and slice a fairly large onion and fry it in an ounce of lard to a pale colour. Put in the meat, season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and toss over the fire for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of good stock and a small glass of claret. Cover the pan and allow to cook slowly for about an hour. Cut two or three peeled potatoes into cubes, and add these when the meat is half done. About ten minutes before serving mix a little cream with the sauce. Serve very hot.

Lèche Créma

BEAT up three eggs, omitting two of the whites; add gradually a pint and a half of milk. Mix carefully four tablespoonfuls of fine white flour and 2 oz. of finely powdered sugar, and flavour with some grated lemon peel. Boil all these together over a slow fire, stirring constantly till the flour is cooked. Place some ratifias at the bottom of a shallow dish, and when the cream is sufficiently boiled pour it through a sieve on to the ratifias.

When cold, and just before serving, dust some finely powdered cinnamon rather thickly over it.



A BERKELEY RESTAURANT MENU

This menu, signed by M. F. Ferraro, the well-known maître d'hôtel of the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, maintains the high standard of cuisine at this famous resort

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Where Good Dancing is Found

The Amateur Dancers' Club, at 49, Queen's Road, Bayswater, stands for all that is best in British ballroom dancing, and the good work it does in encouraging and sustaining a high standard cannot be over estimated. This club owes its conception to Mr. Thomas Warwick, a well-known business man and a very keen and most accomplished amateur dancer, who has spared no efforts to make the club a really delightful place. Here one can dine and enjoy the best wines at remarkably reasonable prices in surroundings of quiet charm, and dance to a band which is restrained, tuneful and possesses wonderful rhythm. There is a private ballroom where lessons may be taken, and frequent competitions for novices, experts, amateurs dancing with professionals, veterans and ladies take place all the year round. Qualification dances are another feature of the club, and every dancer who shows a sufficiently high standard of proficiency becomes entitled to wear a badge which, ipso facto, means that the wearer is a good ballroom dancer and also serves as a medium of introduction, any member holding it being entitled to ask any other member of the opposite sex to dance without the ordinary conventional introduction which would otherwise be necessary. The influence which the Amateur Dancers' Club has on ballroom dancing is no small one, and it is very interesting to note that the revival of the popularity of the Tango, which is so noticeable a feature of ballroom dancing to-day, not only in London but also in the provinces, is very largely due to this club, where it has been danced so attractively and yet in a manner so free from exaggeration for a considerable time. Subscriptions to the club, which has a membership of some 1,500 and is a most distinguished one, is two guineas per annum. Full particulars may be obtained from the secretary, who will be pleased to arrange a preliminary inspection of the premises.

THE HOME OF GOOD BALLROOM DANCING

A view of the upper end of the ballroom of the Amateur Dancers' Club in Queen's Road, Bayswater. The presiding genius is Mr. Thomas Warwick, the founder of the Amateur Dancers' Association

An Invaluable Wireless Attachment

Not many wireless users realise that by the addition of a simple accessory it is possible to convert their wireless sets into real radio-gramophones. All that is necessary is a "pick-up and tone arm," which, in spite of its high-sounding name, is a very simple little gadget that fixes on to the gramophone in place of the existing soundbox and tone arm. Two minutes work in unscrewing the old tone arm and replacing with the new one is all you have to do. A piece of flex to the wireless set completes the transformation. Records are played in the same way as with the old soundbox, except that the sound comes through the loud speaker instead of from the gramophone itself. Many wireless users have been surprised at the improvement in quality of reproduction obtained from records by playing them this way. The B.T.H. Minor pick-up and tone arm, which wireless dealers sell for 27s. 6d. complete, is recommended by experts. Wireless dealers will be glad to explain exactly how the pick-up is fitted and to give demonstrations to anyone interested.

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Broadtail and Mink

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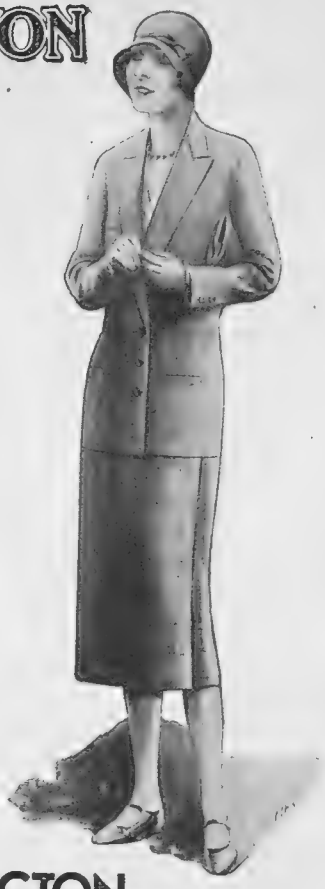

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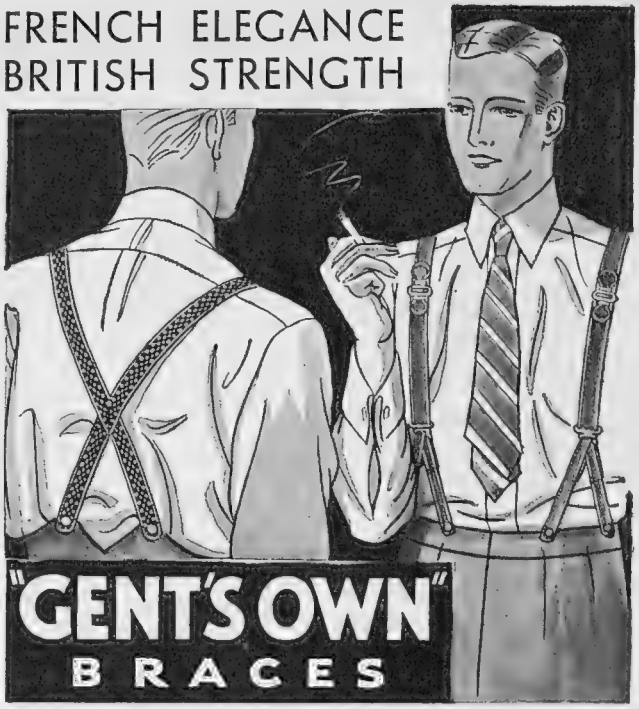

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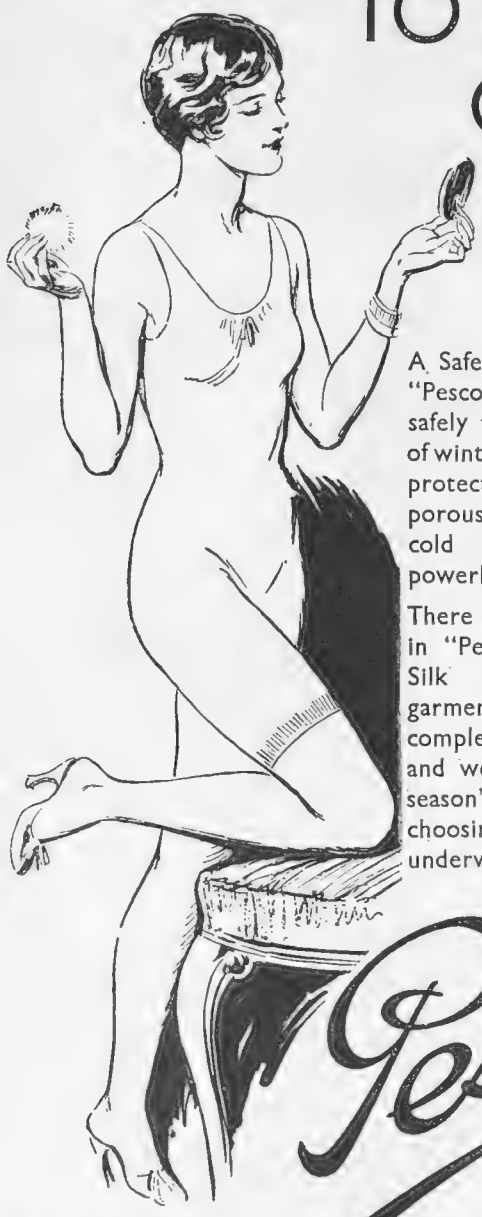

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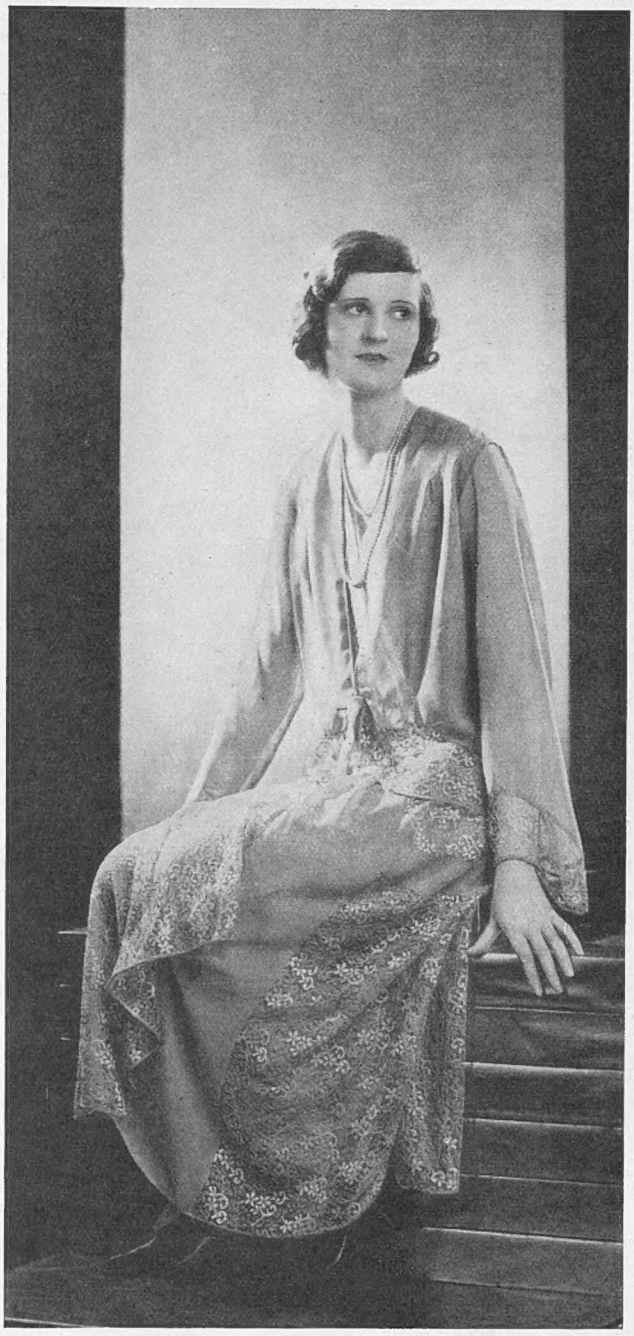

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◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.

I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly. "THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" is a fast moving story in the October issue.

"GOOD MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN . . ." *by Christine Jope-Slade*
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"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?" *by Theodora Benson*
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Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride . . . ."

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

New Style Magazine

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